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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 9, 1937
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# THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVIII No. 1929 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JAN. 9 1937

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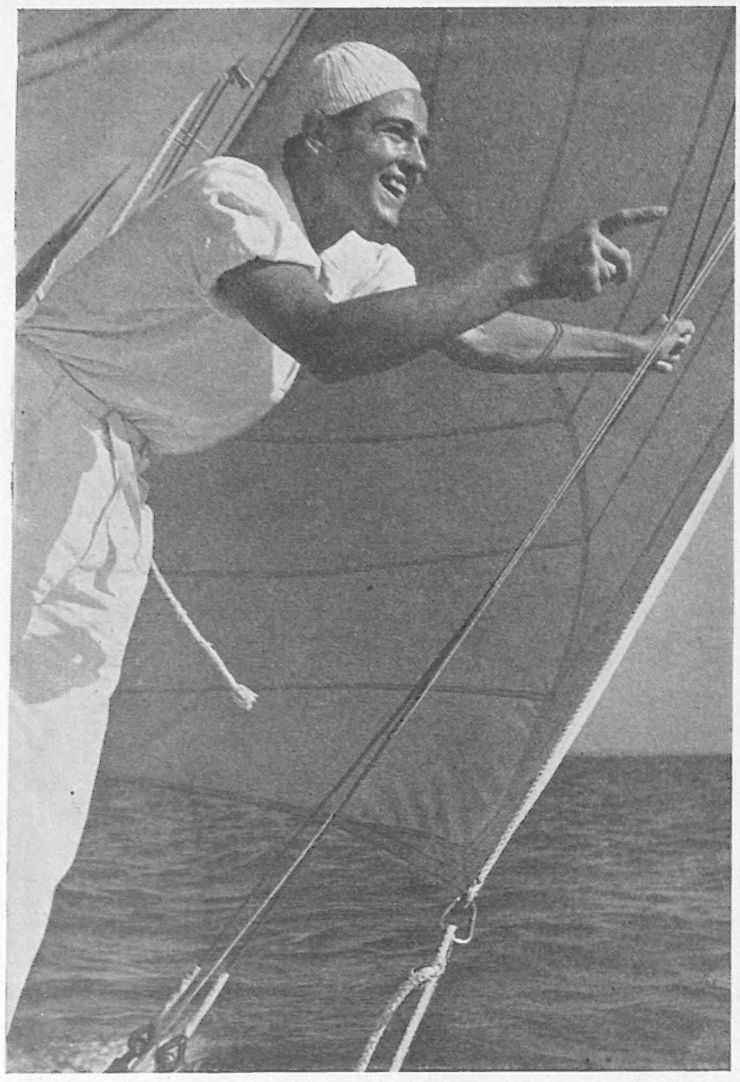

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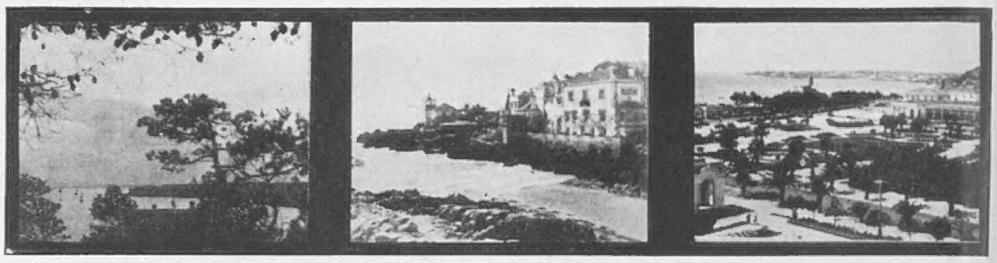

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 9, 1937

# LONDON PREPARES FOR MAY 12

## Stands being Constructed Outside Buckingham Palace as the Coronation Arrangements Enter on a New and Busier Phase

With the dawn of the New Year, and uncertainty dispelled, preparations for the Coronation on May 12 enter on a new and busier phase, squads of workmen on every hand getting ready the London that is to be—a London bright with flags and bunting, gay with elaborately adorned stands of medieval aspect, and thronged with happy multitudes. Hyde Park, The Mall, and Constitution Hill echo to the sound of the hammer, and the Abbey itself—once again to be the scene of rich pageantry—is already closed to the public "by order of the Privy Council," being now in the hands of the Office of Works. Chairs, books, and all other movable objects that temporarily will not be needed are being cleared away and stored, and the Coronation Chair, beneath the seat of which is enclosed the historic Stone of Scone, is shortly to be moved from the Chapel of Edward the Confessor to the place in front of the High Altar where the ceremony of crowning the King is to take place

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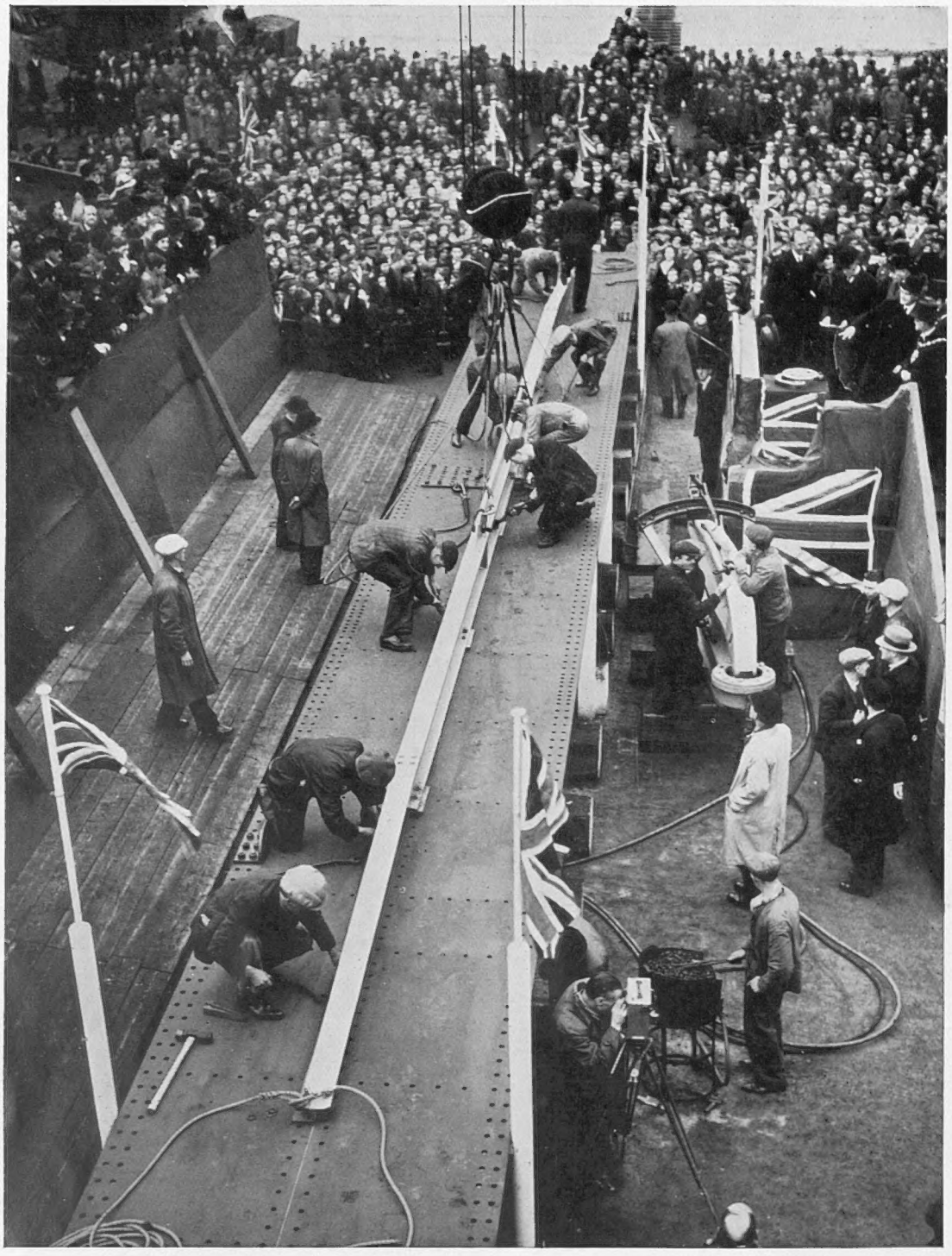


BIRTH OF A BATTLESHIP: The scene at the Cammell-Laird yard, Birkenhead, a few moments after Mr. S. V. Goodell, Director of Naval Construction, had laid the first keel plate of H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*, one of Britain's two new 35,000-ton battleships. The other one is H.M.S. *King George V* and was laid down simultaneously at Vickers-Armstrongs' naval yard at Walker-on-Tyne. Both ceremonies took place on January 1, the very earliest possible moment after the expiry of the Washington and London Naval Treaties in which the signatories, Britain, the United States, and Japan, undertook to build no further capital ships before 1937. It is understood that both vessels are to be ready for sea in three years—18 months less than the time taken to complete *Nelson*—and will have a speed of not less than 30 knots. An article on "The New Naval Freedom" appears on page 42

# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, January 6, 1937.

**LADY HOUSTON.**—I am very sure that Lady Houston was by nature as warm-hearted as she was plucky and impulsive, and that she had fine qualities as well as generous instincts. Her mind was not well balanced, though she was shrewd enough in business, and obviously she was not very highly educated—her first "leaders" in the *Saturday Review* revealed that clearly enough. She was a curiously contradictory character. She died an octogenarian, and acted to the last with the vigour and impetuosity of an undergraduate. She could not endure to be criticised in the Press—which was illogical in one who dealt so constantly and so roughly with Messrs. Baldwin and Eden. She sometimes took away by tactlessness what she offered out of patriotism. She regarded herself as a prophet and dictator and was absurdly vulnerable to the mildest chaff. I make no doubt she was a genuine patriot of the blue-water school. Her loyalties—Throne, and Empire, and Navy—were genuine. She was not like Bottomley—riding such high horses for commercial ends and selling them to the knackers when their best days were done. I am convinced she was genuine—a true patriot, a warm-hearted, plucky, generous woman. But her weaknesses stood out and obstructed her. She vainly overrated her power, her abilities, and her importance. If her heart was big, her mind was sometimes very small. She would clearly never take advice—even in journalism. Otherwise, surely, some experienced journalist would have pointed out to her that no sustained attacks on public men can succeed without a measure of justice and impartiality—and indeed sense of humour. Pope, when he prepared to obliterate a political foe, always began by scrupulously marshalling the virtues and good points of his victim. Lady Houston knew better. Mr. Baldwin was Satan personified. Mr. Eden was a Bolshevik spy. So her own unassisted articles were but sorry Philippics. But Lady Houston did much good publicly and a great number of private acts of kindness, from a generous and patriotic heart, and I hope the earth will lie lightly on her, and her troubled, unbalanced, courageous spirit have rest.

**MR. GEORGE'S GREETINGS.**—About almost everything that Mr. Lloyd George says and writes and does, there are attractions and repulsions. His fire and energy and enthusiasms and eloquence please and charm; his partiality, his pettiness, and his egotism often repel. We enjoy the eternal boy in him and are shocked at the small beer and juvenilia of the old Statesman. We ask ourselves if a man who can be so petty and partial and bitter against the dead can be a great man; and we answer that only a great man can display in old age the fire and energy and vitality which are typical of him. The usual conflicting loyalties pulled us when we read his Christmas message to the Duke of Windsor. Why was it published, if it were but a personal expression of feeling from one public man to another? Why did it make one visualise Mr. George writing his message red-hot after receipt of despatches from (say) Mr. Churchill; writing red-hot in ignorance of the change in public feeling; Mr. George missing the bus? Read in the cold, clear light of the morning after, Mr. George's message certainly suggested one of those "half sheets of paper" whereon "a fool has the honour to state." One of those scraps of paper which even statesmen are wise and right to tear up. Perhaps we shall hear more of the message and the circumstances under which it was sent off. It seemed to suggest that an old war-horse had pricked up his ears and scented a new (party) battle from afar. It seemed more than Christmassy.

**THE NEW PRINCESS.**—The last occasion on which a princess was born to a Duke and Duchess of Kent was 117 years and 7 months ago (or thereabouts). Although the new Princess, born on Christmas Day in Belgrave Square, is comparatively remote in the line of succession to the throne, reason would that she should be christened Victoria. Times have changed since Queen Victoria's birth. In the middle distance, Gilbert noticed the signs of the coming of democracy with an irony:—"Hearts just as brave and fair may beat in Belgrave Square as in the lowly air of Seven Dials." When we repeat the lines now, we say them as a bare truth, all the irony gone. We humbly attribute certain virtues to the poor down-trodden privileged class. It *does* work hard and patriotically very often for the common weal. Forty-one guns thundered according to tradition in honour of the new Princess. But, if you love her and wish well to the Royal House of Windsor, don't overdo publicity. No full-dress (or long clothes) biography of her for some years at least. The new King and Queen have declared their own desires in this matter. Princess Elizabeth is to be kept out of the toast list and the public is asked to allow her to grow up without Hollywood adulation. The Monarchy and the Royalties themselves ask (even in this year of Coronation and Royalty publicity) that as much mystery and silence as may be shall invest the private lives of them and their children.

THE GUARDS COME HOME: Stretcher bearers at the door of an ambulance coach getting ready to handle the casualties on Southampton Station after the *Laurentic* had returned to the port from Palestine and Egypt with men of the Coldstream and Scots Guards on board, a few of whom were sick or wounded. On being interviewed an officer said that by the time they reached the Holy Land the Arab disorders were nearly over, and later it was possible for the men to be taken on conducted sightseeing tours of the country. Many of the officers amused themselves by going out jackal shooting in motor cars at night

**ROAD RECORDS.**—The end of 1936 gave one more black record—191 persons killed on roads and streets in Britain in one week. 6,500 people were killed, 225,000 injured in 1936. Saul has slain his thousands but David his ten thousands; America killed 37,000 citizens in one year—and America's roads and speed tracks are far in advance of ours. In England 4,500 are killed and injured regularly each week. In the two-and-half years of the Boer war, 5,700 men were killed and 23,000 wounded. On the roads of peace[ful

Britain in two-and-half years 18,000 people are killed and 500,000 injured. These figures are tell-tale figures. The pundits have experimented and fiddled and made up statistics for years. Much of the expenditure (vast!) has been on patchwork and fussiness. Has Mr. Belisha found out *any* basic truth on which to work? To-day it is the fashion to be certain that bad roads are the prime cause, and the new campaign is set for more, broader, faster trunk roads. Many of the old main roads will be scrapped. The remaining virgin country of England is to be scarred and uglified with new 200-ft. speedways. Enthusiasm for new trunk roads will reach fever heat and nothing that remains peaceful and secluded will be spared. It seems reasonable to ask for one moment's pause before the last irretrievable outrage on our country is committed. Are we quite sure it is all due to faulty roads? What is the lesson from America? Has speed nothing to do with it? Would civilisation break up if, even now, we resolved to go a little slower? Would that decision have the smallest adverse effect on the motor industry? It is a big responsibility which faces Mr. Belisha, as he begins to tear up what is left of English peace and beauty for a theory which is unproven, and may prove as futile as some of his other expensive and irretrievable experiments.

## AS BETWEEN GENTLEMEN.—

The Mediterranean Accord was well received. It says nothing much and nothing very new—it says indeed only what has never yet been found necessary to put into words—but it says what it says with commendable brevity. When one gentleman nowadays makes an agreement with another gentleman among European nations, other gentlemen prick up their ears and the agreeing parties realise that their first concern must be to assure third parties that there is no hanky-panky, no going back on existing pacts and commitments. So Italy is at pains to reassure Germany, and Britain, France. Each mildly belittles the new agreement to stress the greater importance of older ententes. But the agreement has its value. Britain was forced into no negation of her principles, compelled to kiss no rod, nor bow down in the House of Baal. We declare that we have no ambitions for territorial acquisitions in or on the Mediterranean. Italy declares that so far as she is concerned Spanish territories in those waters shall remain intact. And her Roland is more important an admission than our Oliver. For it blows sky high the Balearic balderdash. The Mediterranean is confirmed as a main artery of the life blood of both nations and the fermented enmity between Britain and Italy has a good chance of quieting down.

## TROUNCING OUR AGE.—

All over Britain the educationists at their conferences have been trouncing our age and its institutions and tendencies. Nothing new here. They were doing it in Rome 2,000 years ago and in Byzantium in Constantine's day. The cinema of course got it in the neck. These trustees of a half-educated public are "broadcasting poison, glorifying vulgarity, vice, crime, speed" and so on. I have a sneaking sympathy in this attack, because a cheap and nasty film is to me an unspeakable abomination, and a percentage of films shown is still cheap and nasty. But the good film is a work of art and grows in distinction and good taste, and even uplift. And justice compels me to add that the lowest type of music-hall in Victorian days was as debased as the worst film to-day. Jazz of course got it in the neck also, and I find it hard to take up the cudgels for this chronic cacophony. Nor do I sympathise with fans and fanning. I have often deplored the death of hero-worship and veneration for greatness and the setting-up instead of false gods in the shape of indifferent film actresses, professional ball-players, boxers, speed merchants, and so forth. Yet (to be just again) a half-educated public must always set up its golden calf and usually that calf has feet of alloy. Our age is not so bad—no worse, but better and healthier on the whole than in my youth. These educationists would do better to criticise less and stick more to their jobs. It is a little more education which the public needs, if these easy grounds for criticism are to be removed.

## TUSSAUD'S RIVAL AT WESTMINSTER.—

When my uncle, Bishop Gore, was Canon of Westminster, it was occasionally our privilege to snatch a fearful joy with him by a visit to the Abbey wax effigies. It was my then belief that these effigies of kings and captains were the actual bodies of the dead, miraculously preserved, and it is small wonder that the faces of Elizabeth and Charles II filled me with terror. The history of wax effigies is wrapped in mystery and antiquity. Of our own London collections, the score of figures at the Abbey form the oldest. It was a very ancient custom to mould an effigy of a dead sovereign or notable, to dress it in its best and to carry it on or behind the coffin at burial. The Westminster collection in 1650 went back to Edward I and at that epoch became a peepshow popularly called "the Ragged Regiment." It inspired competitors. Mrs. Salmon started her show in Fleet Street in 1650. The regiment suffered casualties. Cromwell's figure was abstracted and hung from a Whitehall window at the Restoration. One or two others fell to bits. What remain have now been repaired, mended and cleaned and may be seen by the privileged.

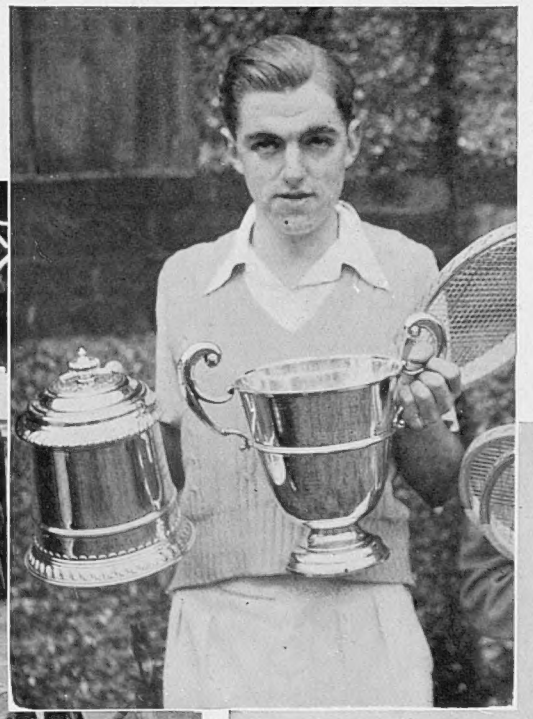
## GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.—

*The Times* as usual posed a number of "teasers" for the Leisure Hour of the holiday in the insidious form of a general knowledge paper. These questions are the grave of many an "educated" man's reputation. Omniscient fathers fall from their pedestals at Christmastide like autumn leaves. When fathers hear the fatal words "We'll ask father," they wish themselves anywhere else. In dealing with general knowledge questions, the experienced have gained certain guiding principles. One is that no familiar quotation is ever correctly quoted. Whatever sounds easiest and most melodious is wrong. Another principle is to affect contempt for such "crossword" knowledge, declaring "I know where to find facts and so do not need to store the facts themselves." But such examination papers have their value and this year *The Times* establishes certain disputed points. We are correct in speaking of more than one mongoose or haggis or still-life as mongooses, haggises, and still-lifes.

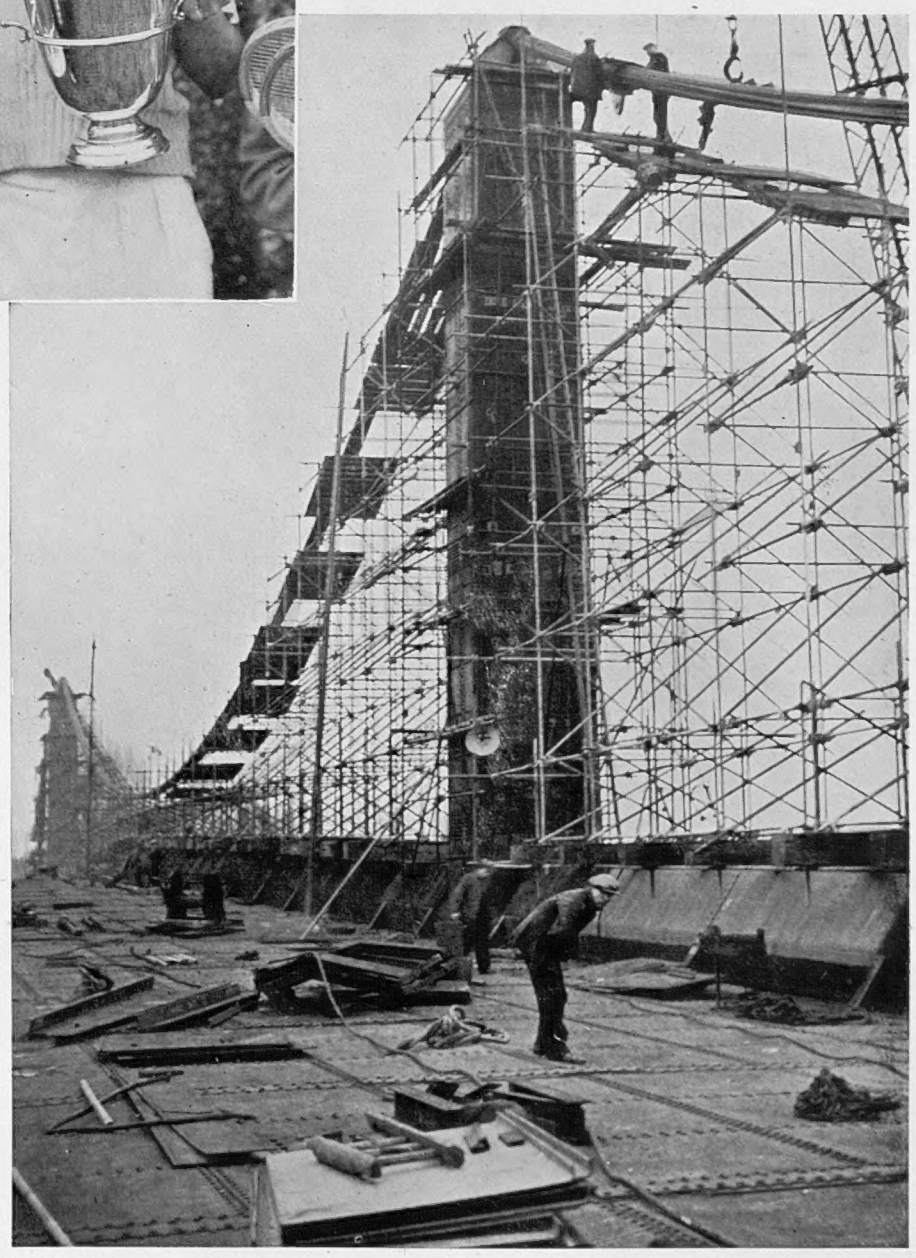
## A NEW YORK PARTY.—

Big business in America has been squealing under Roosevelt's screw for two years or more. And I have sometimes sympathised very heartily with America's poor little rich men. But I have very seldom sympathised with his wife and womenfolk. Time and again they have sold the pass and betrayed the cause of their hard-working menfolk. Yet, I had thought that the days when New York's social leaders fought like cats with claws and dollars for supremacy and "knew the price of everything and the value of nothing," were over for ever. It is not so. When a debutante came out the other day (it is reputably reported) her mother spent £11,000 on a party for her. The orchestra cost £2,000; 100 cases of champagne were drunk; flowers cost £3,000. At 4 a.m. a hot breakfast was served in a room transformed into the appearance of a famous racecourse. A large dummy horse stood in the centre held by a negro dressed in the family racing colours—a nigger leading a nightmare. What was in the nigger's mind as he observed those 1,500 selected guests at 4 a.m.?

THE OLD STAGER



*On left*—DOUBLE EVENT: D. R. Bocquet with his two trophies after winning the Boys' Singles and the Boys' Doubles (in partnership with R. C. Nicoll) at the eleventh annual junior tournament at the Covered Courts Club, Dulwich. Bocquet, who hails from Cheltenham, put up a first-rate performance, particularly in the singles in which he defeated H. T. Baxter, the holder, in the final by the wide margin of 6-2, 6-3. His concentrated attack on the backhand corner, his opponent's weak point, was masterly tactics. It is not unlikely that Bocquet will go far in championship tennis, as he is just eighteen and developing very fast. Incidentally (and for his age) he is also exceptionally good at golf, playing to a handicap of 3

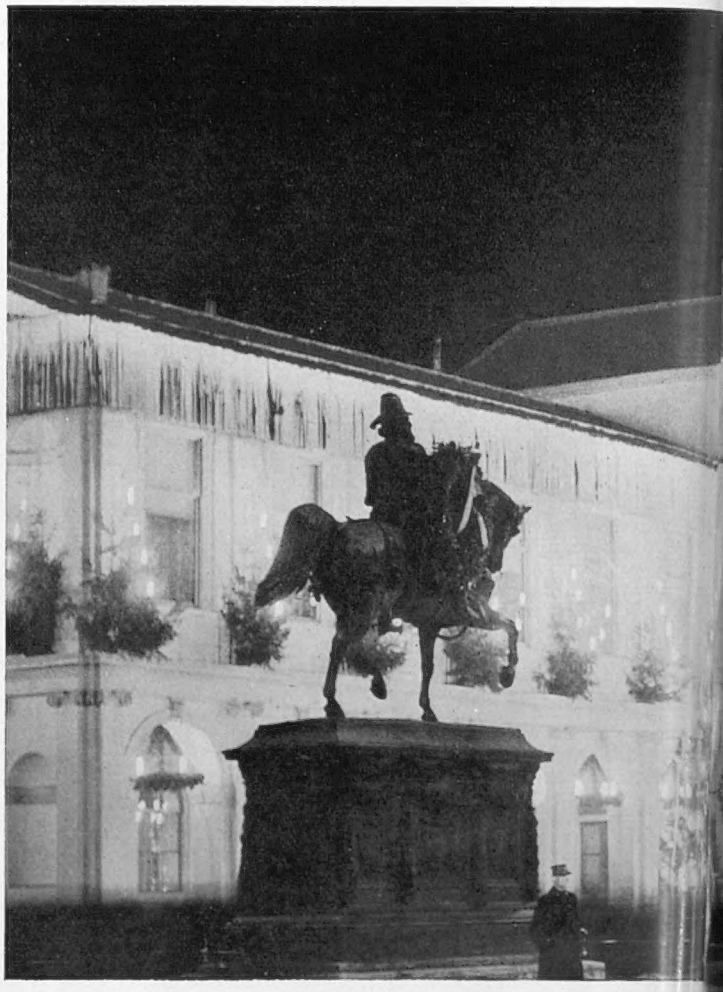


RISE OF THE NEW CHELSEA BRIDGE: A section of the carriageway and the suspension gear in position, giving some idea of how the structure will appear when finally completed

# HEADLINED NEWS

HOME IS THE SOLDIER, HOME FROM THE EAST: Two small Britons born in India, who arrived at Southampton with their father this week on the troopship *Nevasa*, thus gaining their first sight of England. There has been considerable military activity at the port of late, as members of the British emergency force in Palestine have also been returning

PRAYERS FOR THE HOLY FATHER: A mass for the speedy recovery of Pope Pius being held in the Basilica of San Giovanni in Laterano, "the mother and head of all churches," in Rome. One of many such services which have taken place throughout the Roman Catholic world during the last ten days of anxiety. On Tuesday an official account was published of the course of the Pope's illness and indicating that its fundamental cause was arterio-sclerosis



THE HAGUE GOES GAY: The decorative scheme in one of the city's shopping thoroughfares, with crowds of sightseers on the road and pave

## Holland's Week of Rejoicing

*The Hague, a Fairy City, Beflagged and Beribboned*

IT is quite clear that there is still room for princes and princesses only in the political structure of Europe, but in the hearts of men women. The Dutch, who are a hard-headed, close-fisted race, and i what they want as well as anybody does, have given joyful proof o in their celebrations to honour the marriage of the Crown Princess.

Catholics and Protestants, Conservatives and Social-Democrats— chief political and class divisions of the country—vie with each oth exhibitions of almost fulsome, but thoroughly genuine, loyalty. Even few republican extremists have stopped gnashing their teeth; and, ribbons pinned to their jackets, have joined for once the majority.

"After all," said a Dutch friend of mine, "the House of Orange been identified with the very existence of our people from the beginni our national history. So naturally, the marriage of the Princess personal matter to all of us. And what makes us all the more pl is that Prince Bernhard is Juliana's own choice."

It is the fairy-book atmosphere that makes the strongest impre just now. The Hague, as Bridal City, lends itself exquisitely to atmosphere. It is exactly the sort of place where princes and princ belong. The centre of the town is composed of wide, airy spaces; b avenues of fine old trees; a fine sheet of water that once served as a m a great battlemented building of golden-brown brick, with a witch-ca Hall of Knights, and all manner of turrets and secret staircases.

Now it is beflagged, beribboned, bewitched. Old gold façades blossomed forth into the gay heraldry of the Houses of Orange-Nassau Lippe-Biesterfeld—how wonderfully decorative are medieval coats-of-a Orange and blue streamers form a brilliant, open-work canopy to

# THE POPE'S ILLNESS — WEDDING WEEK DECORATIONS AND ILLUMINATIONS AT THE HAGUE — WESTMINSTER ABBEY'S CORONATION ALTERATIONS — CRICKET DOWN UNDER

ALL EYES ON THE PALACE: Queen Wilhelmina's residence at The Hague illuminated and adorned in honour of this week's wedding of Crown Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard zur Lippe-Biesterfeld. During the past ten days tens of thousands have flocked from many parts of the country to see the illuminations which have transformed The Hague into a fairy city, giving it a holiday atmosphere in keeping with the great occasion

GETTING READY FOR THE CORONATION: The interior of Westminster Abbey as it appeared at the beginning of this week after it had been closed to the public so that the Office of Works might proceed on the task of erecting the stands for the congregation and of making all the other elaborate arrangements for the King's crowning. To-day the Nave presents an extraordinary appearance with trolley lines, for carrying timber, running down the centre

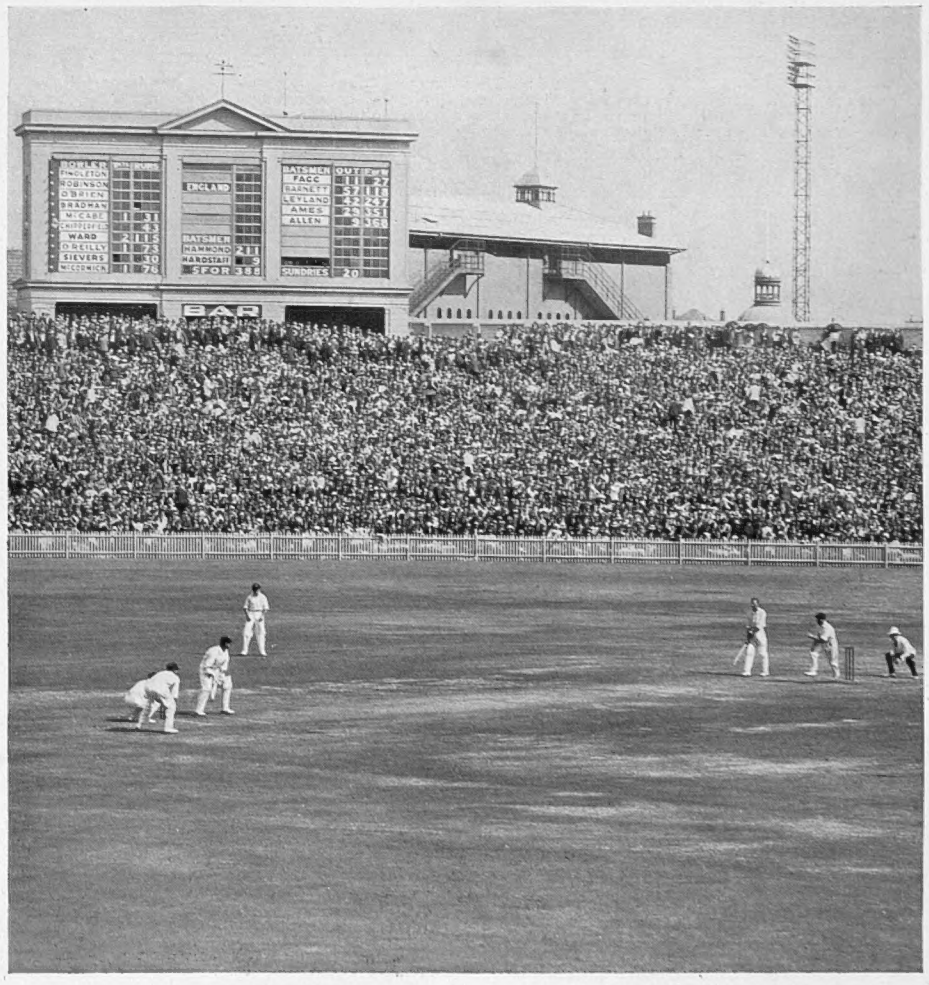
PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES to a tower erected above The Hague market place and held in position by its gaily adorned supporting wires

street and square; the smart shop windows and cafés around the Buitenhof, the Plein, and the Groenmarkt are smarter than ever, jewelled with lights and hung out with flags and pennants.

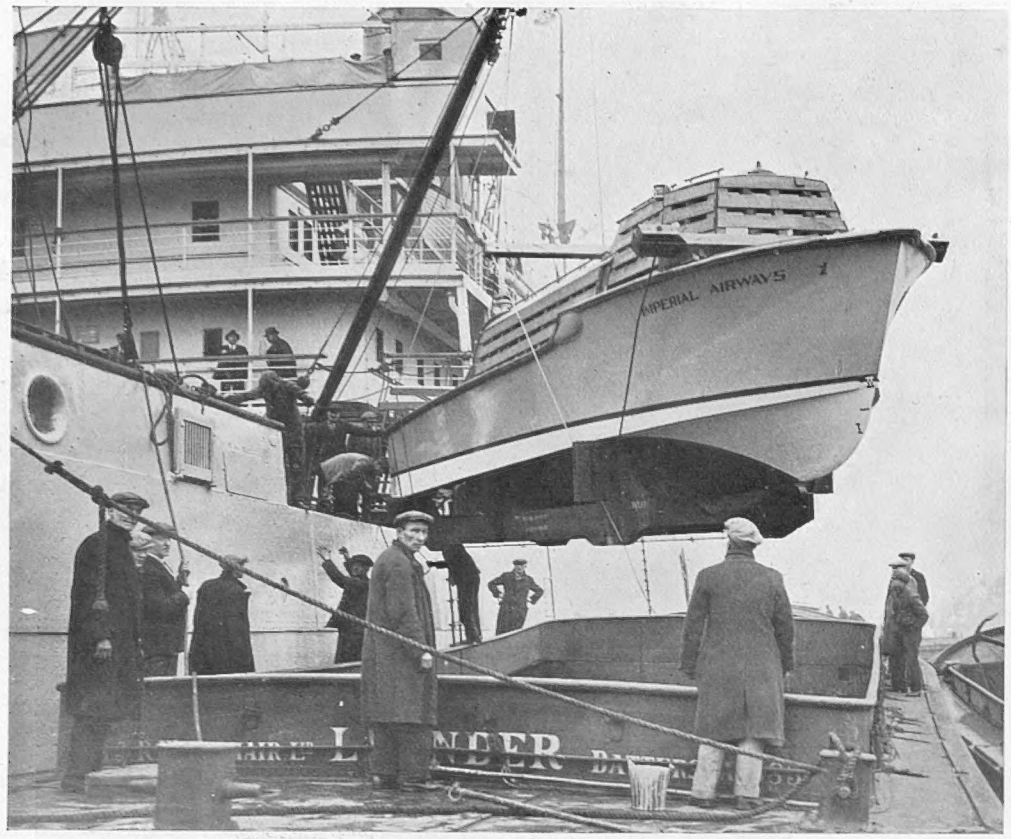
The avenues of trees have burst forth into miraculous clusters of oranges. From the wide moat that runs along the ancient Binnenhof springs a new fountain, high into the air, and lit from somewhere unseen. The ducks swim suspiciously around it, and the sea-gulls fly screaming above it; and over the balustrades of bridge and embankment lean a motley crowd of sightseers—burghers of The Hague and Amsterdam, Volendammers in their lace caps and flowered petticoats, Javanese in coloured silks; fishermen in peak-caps and sombre black jackets.

All at once, when night has fallen, the flood-lights go on, and the huge crowds roaming endlessly through The Hague give a gasp of delight. The effect at the Binnenhof, with its gables and machicoules, its moat and fountains, flooded with light that springs from an unseen source, is enchanting. At night The Hague truly becomes a fairy city. Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard become more than ever the prince and princess from the fairy book; and all the crowds wandering about on the cobbles are crowds out of the illustrations of Grimm and Hans Andersen.

R. E.

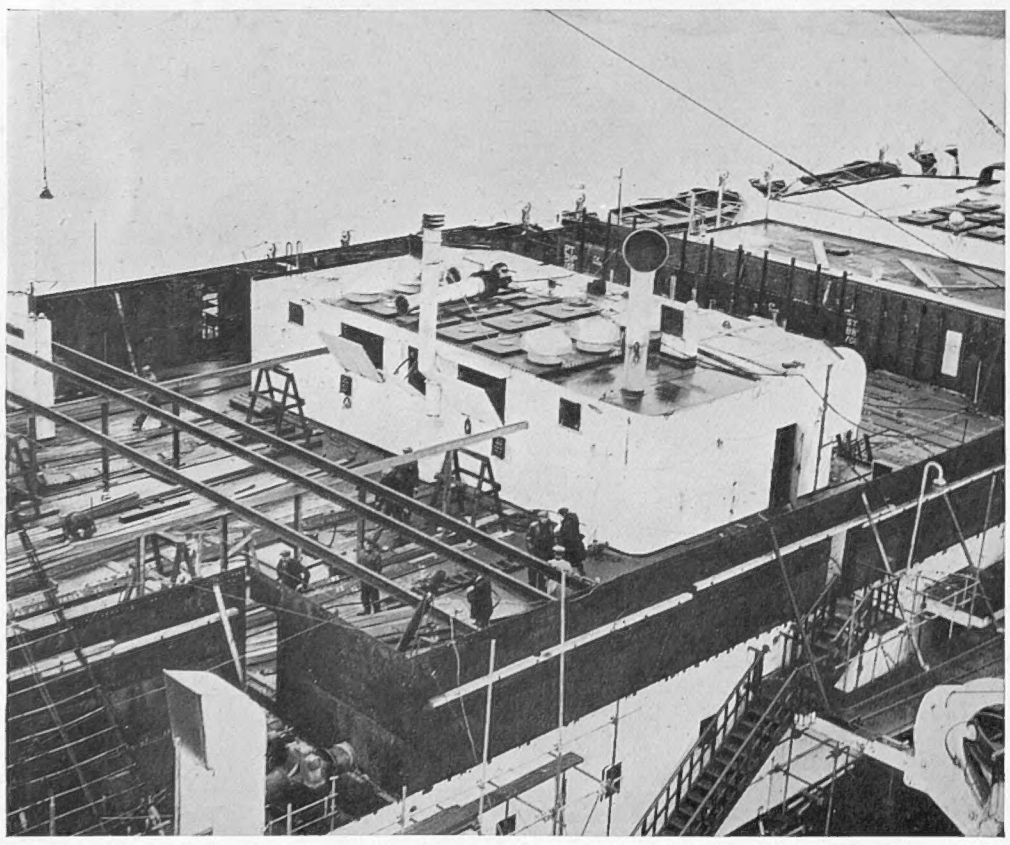



THE SECOND TEST AT SYDNEY: A picture which has just arrived in this country, showing the vast crowd on the Hill watching Hammond (left), who made the prodigious score of 231, and Hardstaff (right), who made 26, batting during England's first innings which produced the mammoth total of 426 for six declared and laid the foundations of a somewhat easy victory




FOR AN EMPIRE AIR ROUTE BASE: The first of the Imperial Airways' new fleet of passenger tenders being transferred from a lighter to the hold of the Union-Castle liner *Grantully Castle* at London docks before shipment to Portuguese East Africa. It will be stationed at Lourenço Marques and will be used for taking passengers to and from the shore when the England-South Africa flying boat service is inaugurated in April. Durban, not Capetown, has been chosen as southern terminus

ON THE PIONEER ATLANTIC SERVICE: This launch has been purchased by Imperial Airways to operate as a passenger tender at Hamilton, Bermuda, a terminus of the Bermuda-New York air route. Two machines are to operate this service, one of them the 18-ton Empire flying boat, *Cavalier*, and the other a Pan-American Airways plane. They will have to traverse 700 miles of open sea



ADDITIONS TO THE "QUEEN MARY": Men at work erecting new quarters for the engineer staff on the sun deck of the Cunard-White Star giant. This will necessarily take up quite a large amount of space formerly available for promenading, but should in no way mar the vessel's majestic lines

# 1937—THE YEAR OF NAVAL FREEDOM

## *Old Treaties Expire and New and Bigger Ships are Laid Down—The Arms Race Starts in Earnest*

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS, R.N. (Ret.)

THE beginning of 1937 has seen the dawn of a new era in naval affairs. The treaties imposing limits on the greater navies have lapsed with the passing of the old year, and now the maritime Powers are free to build naval armaments as large as they like. Nor has 1937 brought merely a reversion to the situation which obtained before the great war brought in its train the ideal of limitation of armaments. In 1914 and the years which preceded that time there was competition in naval armaments; but then this competition was confined to two great Powers. The other Powers stood back as spectators. To-day the drive for greater naval armaments animates practically every maritime Power.

After the great war the principle of naval limitation was put into effect at Washington by the Treaty signed there in 1922. The British Empire, America, Japan, France, and Italy were the signatories. The Treaty was concerned chiefly with that most expensive of naval weapons—the battleship. And these it limited very effectively. But unfortunately in so doing it sowed the seeds of a discord upon which the latest attempts at naval limitation have broken. Washington limited the naval strengths by a ratio system. The navies of the British Empire, the United States, and Japan were scaled in the proportion of 5—5—3. What matter if Japan was presented with a *quid pro quo*? The acceptance of a ratio of inferiority remained, and the rancour consequent thereon grew until last year it led to the abandonment of hope for further naval limitation. It was the revolt of the Japanese against this system which led, two years ago, to Japan giving notice of the termination of the Washington Treaty on December 31, 1936, the very first day upon which it could be terminated.

There followed Washington, the Naval Treaty of London signed in 1930. From the first it was ill-conceived, because agreement was only achieved at the expense of concessions by the British Government which were even then characterised as temporary only. Even then it was not successful, for neither France nor Italy would be a party to the limitation which it imposed upon cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. That treaty was signed for a period of just under six years, and it too expired on December 31 last.

Last year the naval Powers were in conclave in London with the object of setting up some new treaty of naval limitation to take the place of those about to expire. In the end a treaty was signed, but it made no pretensions towards limiting the size and strength of navies, and had to be content with setting up limits for the size and gun power of ships in various classes. Even so, Japan, with the ratio system still rankling, refused upon request to have anything to do with the new Treaty.

And so the nations are free, if not to build larger and larger ships with bigger and bigger guns, to increase their navies by multiplying their ships to their hearts' content.

The new era of emancipation after fifteen years of treaty restrictions was celebrated on January 1 by the laying down of two battleships in Great Britain—the first battleships to be laid down for the British Empire since 1922, for the 1930 Treaty instituted a "holiday" in such building.

The reason behind this sudden spurt in naval building by the British Empire lies in the treaties which have just passed into history. Excellent in themselves, they imposed limits on the great navies which failed to foresee that the whole balance of naval power might easily and speedily be overthrown by Powers outside one or both of the treaties.

Thus Italy, which was not signatory to the 1930 Treaty, laid down two battleships of 35,000 tons as long as two years ago. Germany, with three pocket battleships and some very effective cruisers to her credit, tore up the remains of the Treaty of Versailles and began her naval rearmament is earnest. France countered the German pocket battleships with the *Dunkerque* and *Strasbourg*, ships of 26,000 tons, the first of which should be in commission very shortly. Germany took note of these ships, and has recently launched the *Scharnhorst* aud *Gneisenau*, ships of 26,000 tons, while she is also building two cruisers of 10,000 tons each and one aircraft-carrier.

France reacted at once and approved the construction of two battleships of 35,000 tons. The first of these is on the stocks and the second will probably be laid down before this article appears. Germany's reply was the laying down of one ship of 35,000 tons and approval for a second ship of this size. America intends to lay down at least two battleships at an early date. Japan is very secretive about her plans, but she is rumoured to be considering the building of two battleships. She is certainly engaged upon the "re-militarisation" of a battleship "de-militarised" under the terms of the 1930 Treaty. The smaller Powers, from Russia and Siam to the South American republics, are all engaged upon naval building in proportion.

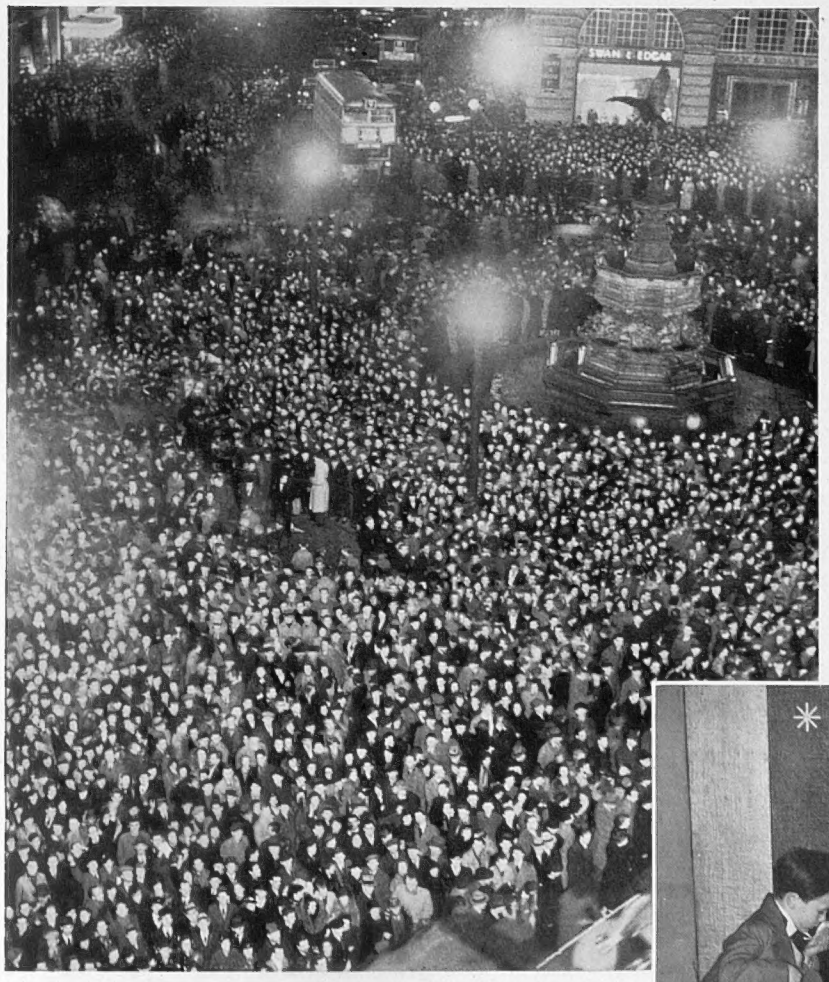
Small wonder therefore that Great Britain, who has been forced by the treaties to sit and watch these developments while her battleships grew older and older, should take the first opportunity of making good her deficiencies.

But where is it all going to end?

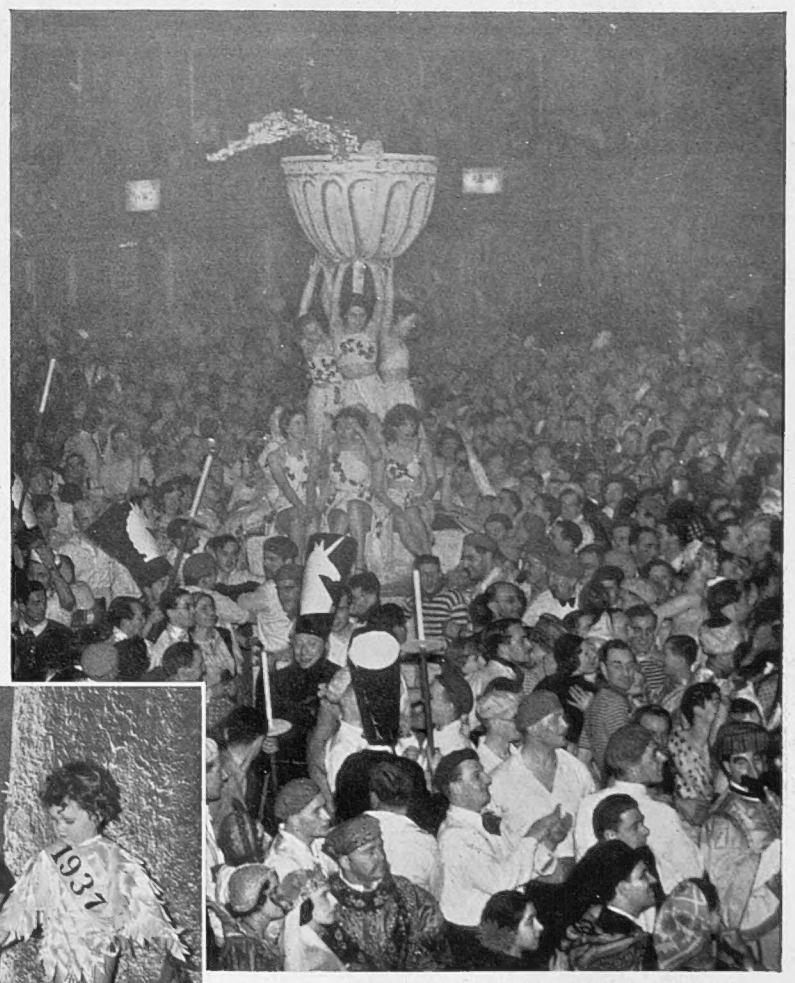
# HOW LONDON WELCOMED 1937:

## Indoor Gaiety, but Out in the Thronged Streets Few Church Bells to Mark the Occasion with Their Joyous Peals

A FOCAL POINT OF THE CELEBRATING THRONGS: A glimpse of the crowd outside St. Paul's as the hands of the clock approached midnight on New Year's Eve. Inside a watch-night service was going on, but many remarked that it would have been wholly in accordance with the spirit of the occasion if an attempt had been made to cater for those gathered in the street and thus, to an extent, organising the celebration. It was also commented on that few church bells were heard in London as they have been in years gone by, starting with muffled notes and then breaking out into a joyous peal. Londoners would surely welcome such a revival. For all this though, the New Year was ushered in with rare enthusiasm, and it seemed that most were only too glad to see the back of over-dramatic 1936



WHERE EROS PRESIDES: The people gathered in their thousands at Piccadilly Circus welcoming 1937 with perhaps more than the usual joy and vigour. As in years past there was a good deal of running around in motor cars, vehicles, more than comfortably laden, cruising the length of Piccadilly, turning at Hyde Park Corner and then returning to the Circus. Many of them had young men and women precariously perched on their tops, shouting seasonable greetings to everyone they passed. Police guarded Eros, preventing the over exuberant from climbing it



AT THE ALBERT HALL: A scene of intense enthusiasm as the hosts of colourfully clad dancers at the Chelsea Arts Ball, crowded on every available inch of floor space, cheered one of the decorated floats as it circled round the hall. This was probably the gayest spot in all London, and when midnight struck the pandemonium was well-nigh deafening. *On left*—John Bull (Master R. Goodman) greeting "New Year," Little Zelda Lewis, at Grosvenor House, another scene of indoor gaiety

THE LATE LADY HOUSTON IN EARLY MIDDLE AGE: The multi-millionairess who died suddenly last week at nearly eighty years of age. She was married three times. Firstly to Mr. Theodore Francis Brinckman, now the third baronet, whom she divorced in 1895; secondly to Lord Byron, who died in 1917; and thirdly to Sir Robert Houston, the shipping magnate, who in 1926 left her his immense fortune of nearly £7,000,000

## The Death of Lady Houston

*And the Destination of Her Millions*

The passing of Lady Houston, one of England's richest women, came as a distinct surprise by reason of its suddenness, and it was also a matter for wonderment that with all her millions she left no will that was readily discoverable.

Days of hectic search immediately following her death failed to reveal the vital document, although it was reported that a will had actually been made in 1927 at the Trianon Palace Hotel, Versailles, Lady Houston's maid and secretary acting as witnesses. This may, of course, have been destroyed intentionally at a later date.

Should it be found that the millionairess died intestate, her fortune, now estimated at between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000, will be divided among several relatives, including Lady Palmer, wife of Major Sir Geoffrey Palmer and a granddaughter of one of Lady Houston's brothers; Mrs. Arthur H. Wrey, Lady Houston's only surviving sister; Mr. Hugh Catty, a nephew; and Mrs. W. Woods, the daughter of Lady Houston's third sister.

IN LATER LIFE: A portrait of Lady Houston taken on the occasion of her visit to the pilots taking part in the Schneider Trophy Race of 1931. She had ensured Britain's participation in the contest by contributing the sum of £100,000 towards the expenses

PACT MAKERS: Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, signing the Anglo-Italian Declaration of Mutual Assurance in the Palazzo Chigi, Rome, while Sir Eric Drummond (right), the British Ambassador, looked on before in turn putting his name to the document. Sir Eric described it as "a great step towards peace and conciliation"

# The Anglo-Italian Rapprochement

*A Product of Italy's New Feeling of Equality*

ITALY has entered a new phase of her national life, which has been brought about by her success in the Abyssinian war. The change which has taken place in Italy is partly material and partly psychological, these two factors working in with each other.

Italy contains practically no coal, minerals, or oil; there has been no possibility of producing wool or growing cotton within her territories; nor could sufficient grain be grown to feed the people in spite of great efforts made in recent years to increase the grain yield of the country. As a result of this, many of the necessities of life had to be imported from foreign countries, a considerable part of which came from beyond the limits of the Mediterranean. This, together with Italy's semi-insular position, was thought to be a great source of danger in case of war.

Italy's colonial aspirations have now been fully met by the conquest of Abyssinia. In this vast area there is ample scope for colonisation of all kinds. A great variety of agricultural produce can be grown, including grain of most kinds, vegetables, fruits, cotton, coffee, and tobacco. Certain districts contain large quantities of timber. There is plenty of scope for the rearing of cattle and sheep. In foodstuffs alone it is estimated that Abyssinia can make Italy self-supporting in course of time.

These material changes have had a profound effect on the mentality and outlook of the Italian people. Before the Abyssinian war they suffered from a feeling of inferiority, which made them somewhat difficult neighbours. Although under the guidance of Mussolini the Italians had succeeded in transforming their country from a state of confusion and instability into one of cohesion and efficiency, they felt that the whole Italian system was a new creation which had never really been put to the test. Compared with such Powers as Britain and France, it lacked maturity and national experience. The new Italian army, navy, and air force were increasing every year in size and efficiency, and were equipped with the most modern devices of war. Yet the Italians were conscious that their means of protection had never been put to the supreme test of war. The material and geographical disadvantages of Italy's position made this feeling of inferiority more acute. Although the Italians had every confidence in Mussolini, they were not quite sure of themselves.

This caused an attitude of irritation which made itself felt across the frontiers, as also the methods used by Mussolini to counteract this feeling of inferiority. During this period the Italians were a susceptible people on the look out for affronts, and this whole attitude was largely responsible for the strained relations with France prior to the Franco-Italian Agreement of January, 1935.

As a result of the Abyssinian conquest all this is transformed, and the change cannot fail to be noticed by those re-visiting Italy to-day. The Italian nation has found its feet as a first-class Power in every sense of the term, and a general feeling of contentment is most apparent. Italian officials are much more natural and frank than they were before; the national temper is more calm and collected; and a keen sense of responsibility has replaced emotion coupled with dissatisfied ambition. The whole nation is modest and generous in its hour of victory, and the good feelings of the people towards their late enemies are to be admired. I have seen an Abyssinian notable given a reception in Rome second only to that accorded to Mussolini.

Italians now feel themselves to be on terms of absolute equality in the fraternity of Great Powers. They are proud of having succeeded in a most difficult and hazardous enterprise, and they now know the true worth of their soldiers, sailors, and airmen. Their war organisation has been put to a great test. While their economic structure has survived the strain of sanctions, their political stability has thereby been greatly strengthened. It is no longer any use imagining that Italy is not whole-heartedly behind Mussolini. The vast majority of the people are happy and contented, and in their minds the benefits of the Fascist system far outweigh the restrictions. The effect of Mussolini's speeches on his audiences is less effervescent than formerly, but is deeper and more thoughtful. This closer consolidation of the Italian nation has made it a more stable factor in international questions.

As Mussolini is fully alive to the necessity of British-Italian collaboration in the interests of his own country, it is to be hoped that the new agreement between the two countries is a real happy ending to an unfortunate breach of traditional friendship.

E. W. P. N.

SAFE AND SOUND AFTER A DESERT ORDEAL: Thornton Freeland, leader of the North African Film Expedition which met with such adventure in the Sahara, pointing out to his film-star wife, June Clyde, some of the features of the route. A picture taken after Mr. Freeland's return to London last week

## Adventure in the Sahara

*A Film Unit Stranded in the Desert*

Last autumn Thornton Freeland, the well-known film director, and a party consisting of T. A. Glover, an African explorer; John W. Boyle, cameraman; and Kaberry Kettlewell, assistant cameraman, set out from England to secure 500 ft. of film for the desert sequences in the picture *Jericho*, starring Paul Robeson and the Sudanese girl, Princess Kouka.

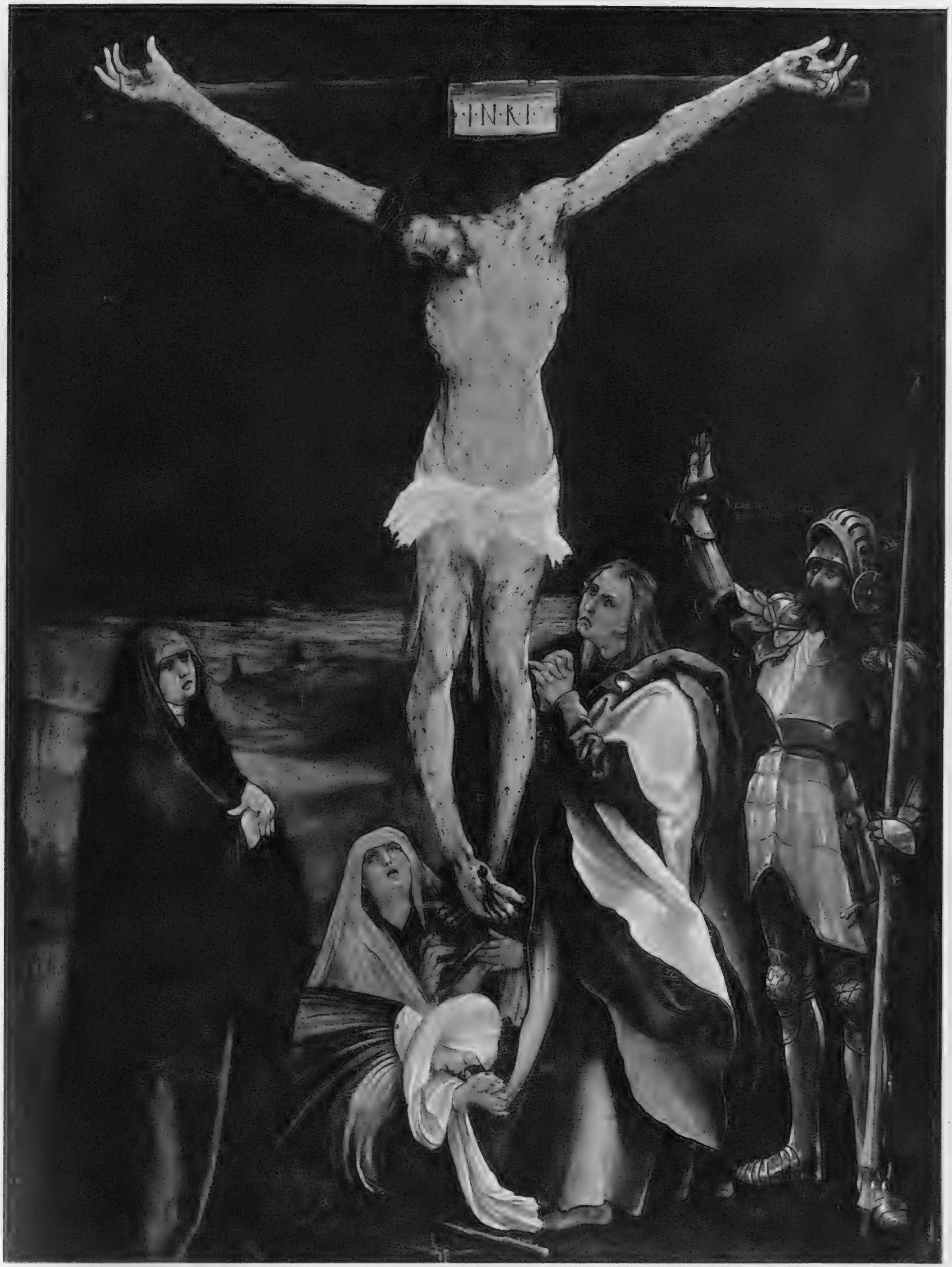
They crossed the 2,000 miles of largely desert country from Algiers to Agades in two heavy motor trucks loaded with their equipment but, owing to unforeseen difficulties, failed to complete the journey in time to join the annual trek made by the Sahara tribesmen to the oases settlement and salt mines at Bilma, the goal of their trip.

Undeterred Mr. Freeland and his men packed their equipment on camels and went in pursuit of the caravan. They were unsuccessful, however, and, to make matters worse lost the track. Their plight, under the pitiless sun in this region where the day temperature is usually about 110 deg. Fah., can well be imagined.

The relatives and associates of the members of the party were naturally greatly disturbed as day after day no news came through, and it was over a month before their anxiety was relieved, a message eventually arriving to the effect that the men had struggled back to Agades little the worse for their perilous experience. They had with them, too, the requisite shots for the film.

The earlier part of their journey, that from Algiers to Agades, was not quite so adventurous but every mile of it was fraught with danger and water was scarce in the extreme.

PRINCESS KOUKA, the daughter of a Sudanese chieftain, hailing from the village of El Fasher, plays the lead with Paul Robeson in the Capitol film *Jericho*, the backgrounds for which were obtained by Thornton Freeland during his adventurous journey through the Sahara. The Princess has never before been out of Africa and, even now she is in London, still wears native costume




"THE CRUCIFIXION"—BY MATTHIAS GRÜNEWALD: This representation of Christ's agony on the cross is one of the most powerfully conceived of all the pictures in the Basle Museum. The artist lived in the latter half of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth century, and ranked second only to Dürer among the German painters of his day. There is still much controversy over the works attributed to him, but there is no doubt of the authenticity of this example

# GEMS OF BASLE MUSEUM

## In a New and Worthy Setting

Basle, which possesses one of the most important art collections in Europe, now at long last has a museum large enough to contain it—a building in the modern manner that sets off the paintings to new and rare advantage. The museum, which was opened last month and is depicted on the two pages following this, is constructed of white and grey stone and is lit with huge bay windows, rendering it possible for visitors to see the true beauty of the pictures without the need for artificial light, so inimical to the appreciation of values. The greatest treasures in this veritable treasure-house of art are paintings and drawings by Hans Holbein the younger, at one time an inhabitant of Basle, and these are of particular interest to people in this country, as many of them represent members of the English nobility, such as Lady Guildford, Sir Nicolas Carew, and the Duchess of Berry

A WORTHY STOREHOUSE OF A CITY'S TREASURES: The main façade of Basle's new museum which has only recently been opened and now houses, in addition to other works, the superb collection of paintings by Hans Holbein the younger, showing them off to magnificent advantage. The building is designed in grey and white stone

THE SPACIOUS COURTYARD: Another aspect of the beautifully planned museum

# BASLE'S NEW ART MUSEUM

## *And Its Rich and Wonderful Collection of Holbein*

THE GRAND ENTRANCE with its stained-glass panels. The modernistic note here and in other parts of the building would at first seem wholly out of keeping with the old pictures it has been expressly built to contain, but so unobtrusive is this modernity that the visitor will discover no hint of clash

GREY MARBLE SLABBING lines the main stairway which rises with a majestic sweep

ONE of the most important art collections in Europe—the Oeffentliche Kunstsammlung, in Basle, famous for its priceless paintings and drawings by Holbein—has just been reinstalled in an imposing new museum, a striking example of twentieth-century architecture.

In the sixteenth century Professor Bonifacius Amerbach and Erasmus of Rotterdam bequeathed their important art collections to the city of Basle, so, with the aid of the university, the municipality decided to form a museum. They brought together a number of works by Holbein and his school and founded the museum in 1661, long before any other public collection in Switzerland. From 1671 to 1849 the collection was housed in a private building in the Munsterplatz, during which time it was much visited by foreigners. The museum gained considerably in importance towards the end of the eighteenth century, when a number of panels by Holbein were removed from the city hall and hung along with the collection. During the nineteenth century several fine collections were left to the museum; notably those of Emilie Linder, Samuel Birmanns, and Frank Buchser.

At the beginning of the twentieth century funds were raised for the improvement and extension of the museum. In 1905, however, there was already no more wall space for hanging and it was decided, in 1907, to build a new museum. Money was collected but the idea was eventually abandoned. Then, in 1922, two buildings, the Augustinerhof and the Bachofenhaus, were appropriated for the housing of the large collection of drawings and engravings that belonged to the museum. But this arrangement of exhibiting the collection in three different buildings was, of course, an unsatisfactory one. In 1928 the paintings were temporarily removed to an exhibition hall while plans were being drawn up for the construction of a new museum. The city council approved the scheme of the architects, Rudolf Christ and Paul Bonatz. The Württemberger Hof and the Eisenbahnbank were pulled down and the new Kunstmuseum, the most modern building in Basle, was erected in the oldest part of the city.

The new museum, which opened last month, is an impressive edifice constructed of grey and white stone. It has a stately simplicity of design and pleasing harmony of proportion. The only motifs of ornamentation on the exterior are the clever arrangement of the grey and white stones, and the heavy, carved capitals of the columns that support the arches. Three modern stained-glass designs are framed over the entrance to the museum, in the courtyard. The interior of the building is lit with huge bay windows, and the walls finished with stucco. The great stairway, which rises with a majestic sweep, is faced with grey marble slabbing.

Most of the rooms are hung with grey canvas and have parquet flooring. All doors are in walnut wood with dark copper fittings. The great Holbein room and its alcoves are hung with fawn coloured velvet aud banded with a low wainscot in dark walnut. The stools are upholstered with brown leather. The spacing and hanging of the pictures has been very careful studied and every element of dec ation in the rooms most neatly a perfectly applied. The result is excellent example of the science museology.

The many paintings and drawi by Hans Holbein the you are, of course, the most prized session of the Basle Museum. M of these drawings are exhibited small room by themselves. M of them are portraits of the E lish nobility. Especially not are those of Lady Guildford, Nicolas Carew, the Duke and Duc of Berry.

The three finest paintings by H Holbein are the portrait of Eras writing, the famous composition o wife and two children, and that a ing masterpiece the "Dead Chr This astounding piece of paintin surely to be termed the most m apostrophe of Christian concept. N was the Dead Christ more em tically portrayed as the Son o Father and never more vividly a dead man. A. V.

THE LONG COLONNADE running the le the building with arches supported by capitals. The museum lies in the olde of the city and the architects res for it were Rudolf Christ and Paul

"THE DEAD CHRIST": Hans Holbein the younger, the German artist whose versatility was so extraordinary, and whose austere genius for the perfection of linear design made him one of the great masters of his age, produced this awe-inspiring picture in 1521. Though he had not at that time reached the height of his powers, the canvas evidences his mature point of view, his dramatic realism being tempered by his sensibility of the dignity of religious painting. This is only one of the many striking Holbeins that can now be seen to such advantage in Basle's new museum. It was in this town that the artist spent his early manhood

GUIDING STAR OF THE RENAISSANCE: Holbein's superb portrait of Erasmus at his desk. It was Erasmus who gave Holbein a letter to Sir Thomas More, when the artist, having fallen on evil days, decided to try his fortune in England

"THE WIFE AND CHILDREN OF THE ARTIST": All the care of a devoted husband and father was lavished by Holbein on the production of this canvas—a task he undertook on returning to Basle from his first and financially successful visit to London. It bears out as fully as any of his pictures the commentary of Ruskin:—"Holbein is complete; what he sees, he sees with his whole soul"

"EDWARD VI AS A BOY": One of Holbein's many pictures dating from his period as Court painter in England. He became attached to the Court in 1537, probably through the good offices of Thomas Cromwell, and from then onwards was connected with all that was highest in the society of London

THREE NOTABLE PENCIL DRAWINGS: *Left*—"The Wife of Burgomaster Meyer." *Centre*—"Lady Guildford." *Right*—"Sir Nicolas Carew." Works that evidence Holbein's ability to record the psychological states and characteristics of his sitters. No painter was ever quicker at noting peculiarities of physiognomy, and in none of his faces, just as in nature, are the two sides ever alike. He was not however a child of the sixteenth century, as were the Venetians, in substituting touch for line

# The Wild Waves of Winter

## *Beat Relentlessly Upon England's Shores*

"AS DOWN THEY BEAR BEFORE THE GALE": Seagulls flying above the crest of a wave as it comes in towards the Table Rocks, Whitley Bay—a part of the Northumbrian coast which, even in the mildest of English winters, knows the fury of the storm

"EVENING ON THE NORTH CORNISH SHORE": A striking camera-study by T. Passingham, possessing almost the quality of an oil-painting

DESPITE the recently prevailing mild spell in which high December temperatures were recorded, the winter of 1936–37 has up to now been one of some violence. It is to be hoped, however, that it will not vie with 1935–36, when January 14 proved the coldest January day for ten years and the month was the wettest for five decades, while Easter was the coldest of this century.

It is to be hoped also that it will not go to even greater extremes and fulfil the Abbé Gabriel's prediction of a repetition of the historically cold winter of 1564–65. That winter was indeed extraordinary. On December 21, O.S. (December 31, N.S.) frost of extreme severity set in all over Europe, and within ten days even the largest rivers were ice bound, it being actually possible to play ball games on the frozen Thames between London Bridge and Westminster. Oxen were roasted there, too, without the surface showing signs of giving in.

Compared with this, conditions in 1936-37 pale into insignificance, but already they have been sufficiently severe to call for comment. On December 14 a 75 m.p.h. gale raged over the whole of Great Britain, exacting a heavy toll both of life and property. Seventeen people were killed, including the crew of a Fleetwood trawler and a Lowestoft fisherman.

Floods have also been an unpleasantly prominent feature. Lancashire and Yorkshire factories have temporarily been put out of action, and on the Welsh marches thousands of acres of land have been inundated, compelling cottagers at Monmouth to seek safety on the upper floors of their homes or to go "ashore" by boat.

*T. Passingham*

"WHERE BREAKING WAVES DASH ON A STERN AND ROCKBOUND COAST": A great Atlantic roller sweeping towards the shore at Bude, a Cornish resort where, in autumn and winter, unusually heavy seas are wont to run. In summer this stretch of coast provides wonderful opportunities for surfing, but not a little experience is needed to enjoy it

THE WHIPLASH OF THE STORM: The waves break savagely against the promenade at Whitley Bay, Northumberland. One of many places where the coastal defences of Britain are severely tried, the water dashing itself on to the man-made barriers, ever ready to find and expose a weakness in them. So great have been the storms during the past few years that local authorities have had to spend vast sums in strengthening sea walls and groynes and, in some instances, building new ones

# MAROONED ON THE HALLIGEN

## The Strange Life of the Fisherfolk who Dwell on the Low Islets of the North Frisian Archipelago

HIGH AND DRY: The windmill, used for pumping up fresh water from a bore hole, and the old thatched cottage of one of the homesteads on the Halligen, a system of low islets in the North Frisian group lying just off the coast of Schleswig-Holstein. In spring and autumn the islets, over which sheep usually roam, are inundated by the sea, only the warfts or mounds on which the cottages stand remaining safely above the surface

SUNDAY BEST: Women of the Halligen in their church. They are wearing the dress characteristic of the North Frisian group, and the most notable feature of which is the bonnet. Some of their needlework is exceedingly fine

SEA-GIRT HOMES: *Above*—A distant view of the islet of Langeness, showing the warfts rising up at intervals. Some of these mounds—for long periods cut off from each other—are large enough to accommodate five or more houses, but others have just room for one. *Right*—A striking impression of a group of cottages on one of the warfts; a picture taken in autumn when the low-lying country below is inundated by the sea and the people are temporarily marooned in their homes. Needless to say it is impossible for them to grow corn, but they manage to keep a few sheep, which are brought to safety at flood time and they eke out a bare existence by fishing

WHILING AWAY THE AUTUMN DAYS OF HIGH TIDE: The industrious housewife spins to make clothes for the family, but, with the water lapping round his home and big seas running, the master of the house for once enjoys a holiday, taking it easy in the old draw-bed. Twice a year he has this welcome opportunity for rest

# THE CRIME OF RAPIDE 759

## The Mysterious Murder of Mme Garola on a French Express and how it may Lead to a Change of System in the Sûreté

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THERE is no doubt that Madame slept soundly. She also had her wrists chained together behind her back as she lay reposefully on the seat of the otherwise unoccupied 2nd-class carriage.

The *rapide* shot through the night and succeeding winter's dawn. Toulon, St. Raphaël, Cannes, Nice. In the dimmed compartment with blinds drawn Madame slept through them all, her head cushioned on a pillow she had hired on the platform at Lyon at midnight the night before.

She also had her ankles held together by a second chain dog-lead, while any curious one, had he raised a rug drawn almost up to her nose, might have recoiled at sight of the handkerchief held to her mouth by a scarf tied tightly round her neck. But no one had that curiosity, not even the ticket-collector, who nevertheless should have "controlled" the fair sleeper's ticket, not to mention the matter of his finding out whither she was bound, lest she sleep on past her destination, which might be Toulon, Cannes, Nice, anywhere. Young Madame Garola was allowed to sleep profoundly through them all.

"When I approached the compartment to control her ticket," explains Collector Veyrac, "a man in a béret, with grey hair, said: 'Do not wake her—she is sleeping so soundly.'" And Marius Paul Veyrac acquiesced, however odd that may seem to such as may have experienced the blunt shakings-awake of French ticket-collectors in the night, inrupting, lighting up, and expelling: "Billets, s'il vous plait!" all in the same instant.

And so thirty-three-year-old attractive and chic Suzanne Garola, widow, and manageress of the fashionable Marquise de Sevigné confiserie in the main street of Cannes, passed in immobile oblivion through the station where she should have got out. From the platform, her son and her closest friend sought vainly, having been advised of the happy arrival.

Nice; 8.30 a.m. Here the Company's pillows and rugs are collected. But employee Paulet somehow skipped Madame's carriage—perhaps because his passing hand may have found it to be locked. At any rate, that's the only explanation he can offer.

THE ILL-FATED MADAME GAROLA: A picture taken as she lay dead on the seat of her sleeping compartment on the Strasbourg-Ventimiglia night mail. Her wrists were chained behind her back, and her ankles were held together by a dog-lead. A handkerchief was pressed to her mouth by a scarf tied tightly round her neck

Nearing Cap d'Ail. Collector Veyrac at last becomes seriously worried concerning the unwaking passenger he has, in contravention of the regulations, permitted to sleep so long. He hails head postal sorter Cacavelli to come along and have a look. His colleague does so and stands at the door while Veyrac enters the carriage, lifts the rug from the sleeper's face, and remarks: "I don't understand it at all—whether she is sleeping or dead." "Better advise the stationmaster at Menton," advises Cacavelli; and this Collector Veyrac proceeds to do almost at journey's end since a station farther is the Italian frontier.

The murder of Suzanne Garola was at once recognised by the intuitive French as what is called in crime, "la belle affaire," the big thing. Apart from the fact that one does not hear of chained and drugged, fashionable female corpses every day in express trains, there was something queer about it, camouflage? Sufficient mystery, too, while a train is always such a good setting; tearing hotel of a night, the occupants of whose rooms are mostly strangers to one another, their personal histories buried away. Might there also be something "behind"? the futile, apparently incompetent manner in which the police and magistrate's inquiry rapidly developed? The French are quick to scent such matters, knowing a thing or two. Anyway, day after day passed in floundering after comic opera clues till it seemed as if an attempt were being made to stifle the whole affair, so that it should become shelved. The Parquet, or magisterial group of five or six, "descended" here and there; detectives hastened far along the line on flimsiest summons; the fatal coach, carriage, and contents became almost a museum piece with all the photographing and testing—"they did everything but X-ray it," wrote one bright spark. The little Nice examining magistrate's dossier swiftly mounted, mounted, ominous sign. And nothing happened.

And meanwhile the Big Press shrieked Mystery! Mystery! while its talented sleuths, as usual, satisfactorily confused everything and anything that might have been plain and useful by departing on the set formula of "discovering" idiotic clues, of sifting through every relative or friend the deceased was ever known to have had, and of blackening the victim's character by posing entirely fictional hypotheses. "Could it be so that Madame Garola was once the mistress of a rich Lyon industrialist who had cause," etc.

The set formula. Motive — what was it? Robbery? Jealousy? Vengeance? Sadism? Lunatic? Espionage? All were probed. One fine handle the Press did have. The dead woman's brother-in-law, M. Mergoux, testified that Suzanne had had an obsession that she would die murdered. *What could be behind that?* Ah-ha!

Only those who know how Press and detectives "collaborate" over sensational crime in France, hold pow-wows, and exchange "dope" to an extent that would fair knock Sir Philip Game's minions flat with incredulity, will appreciate how a Garola ballyhoo can botch a police inquiry. Nor was this the only handicap under which la Justice worked. The police invited every occupant of the fatal coach to come forward and tell anything they might have noticed: a mere movement in the corridor could now appear of vital import. Only three men responded, the reason being that the French, whose lack of civic sense remains as before, will not "become mixed up in a police affair," preferring to let even murder go by unpunished. Even under guarantee of secrecy they refuse to help, although their claim that there exists no such possible guarantee in France may have some foundation. All they may be moved to do is to write anonymously. Meagre as may be this concession, it is not one to be scoffed at, as we shall see.

It is possible that the crime of Rapide 759, Strasbourg-Ventimiglia night mail, may lead to a modification in major crime detection in France. Up to a few years ago the central Paris Sûreté automatically and at once "went out" on all serious provincial cases. That was altered to the provinces themselves conducting the all-important opening inquiry, Paris having to rest content with pure theorising as and when a bulky dossier came along. In the case of Madame Garola, the new head of the Sûreté got tired after a month's local floundering and called upon Nice for the dossier which was passed to Chief Inspector Belin who sits in the rue des Saussaies, hard by the British Embassy. And it wasn't long before Inspector Chennevier was being dispatched South and before things began to get a move on. It is now on the cards that the former immediate Paris intervention in all serious national crime will be reintroduced.

What did Chief Inspector Belin find? In the astonishing way of French crime publicity it has been revealed, in one case apparently verbatim from the dossier.

Suzanne Garola had a friend, Monsieur A, with whom she visited Paris early in November. Towards mid-month she left for Lyon on a brief family visit and took the opportunity to branch off to interview the head of her celebrated firm, at Royat. Returning direct from Royat, she boarded at Lyon the midnight mail for the south and the resumption of her winter season business. At Cannes she was known socially in a small way on account of her smart "five o'clock" clientèle. There was nothing whatever against her, not even M. A, an *ami* being quite normal in France, especially where widows are concerned. In any case, Suzanne Garola was no kept person, earning good money, £5 a week plus commission.

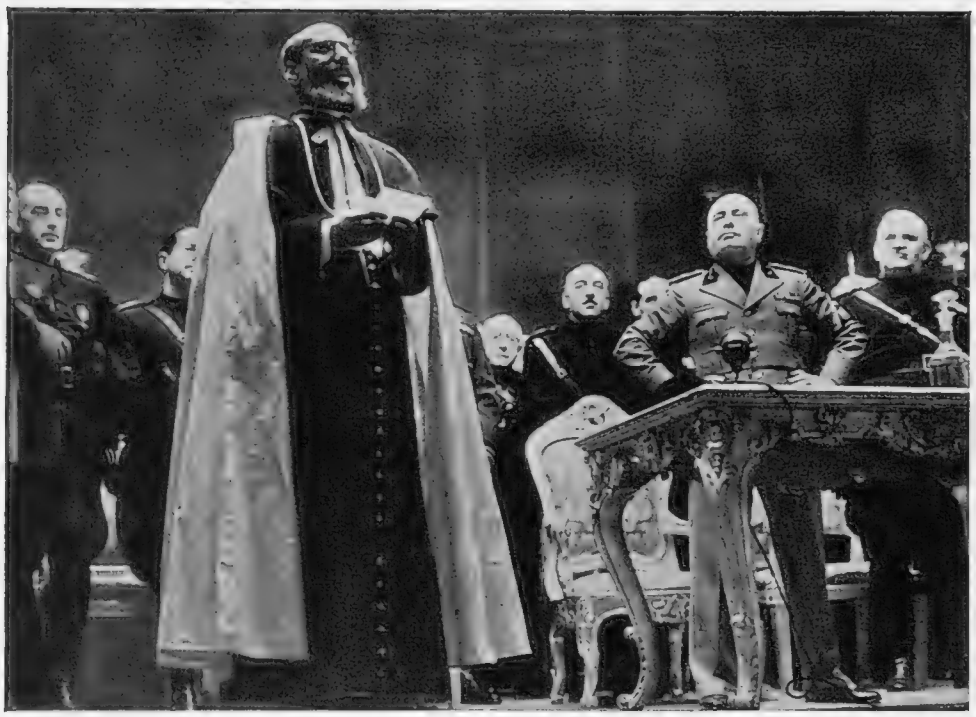
Conductor Gauthier testified that when the train left Lyon Madame Garola could not have had the carriage to herself: he went along looking for room for a friend and on every seat sleepers were stretched out. But the point is immaterial as medical evidence showed that the victim was still alive and well at Marseilles—it was a short while after, around 6 a.m. on the long and lonely upward curve between Toulon and Les Arcs, that the crime was perpetrated. Somebody then entered the sleeping woman's compartment. There she lay, and on the seat opposite, her suit-case, on top of which she had placed her ticket in readiness for the collector's passage. ("Perhaps he will see to it without waking me.") The intruder had with him a cheap brown suit-case, afterwards found empty on the rack, in which were doubtless the instruments of the attack. The chains, the scarf, and handkerchief, and a tube of ethyl anæsthetic called kélène which was broken open by the door—it was later found there—a moment before the criminal pounced on his prey. Swiftly, without a struggle, the gagging and drugging. The victim never woke up, and later showed not a scratch, had not been hurt or touched in any way. Then the chaining.

The Paris Sûreté soon decided that the crime was committed by a maniac of a kind latterly much advertised by a novel of Marcel Aymé. If the victim's purse had been rifled, that was a mise-en-scène executed when the man realised that he had pressed the handkerchief too forcibly or rapidly and that death had resulted. In fact, a murder by accident. By a process of elimination, by constructing the atmosphere of the express as it roared through the night, by placing themselves in the murderer's position, the Paris experts uniformly fixed on Collector Veyrac as the culprit. Not only were they entirely unable to swallow his explanation of why he let his unchecked sleeping passenger lie on and on until the fringe of Monte Carlo. They noted also that the cheap rough handkerchief was marked "M" (Marius Veyrac). They noted that

*(Continued on page 76)*

# EUROPEAN SURVEY

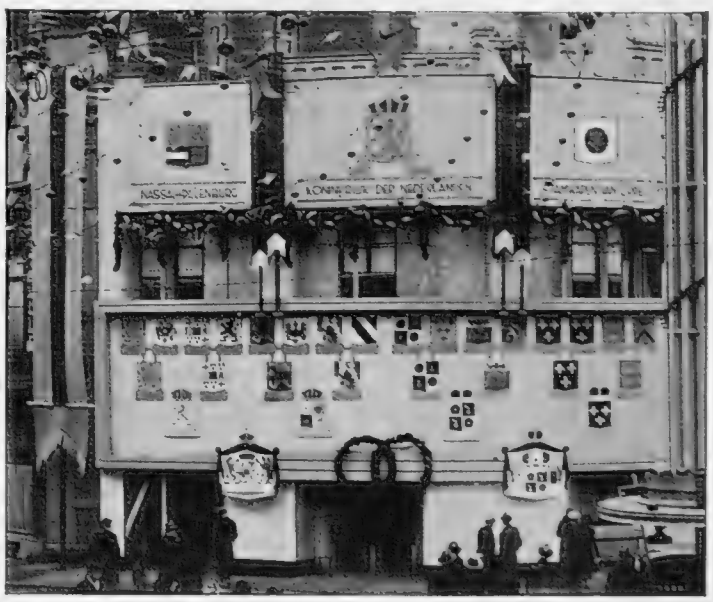
THE FUEHRER PAYS HOMAGE TO A GERMAN WAR LORD: *Left*—Chancellor Hitler standing among the mourners at the funeral of General Hans von Seeckt, the soldier who fought with such distinction in 1914-1918 and afterwards achieved a world-wide reputation when he took over the task of building up an efficient military force out of the pitiful debris of the great army which had been defeated in war. The General was laid to rest in the Invaliden Friedhos beside von Scharnhorst, the opponent of Napoleon, and Schlieffer, the originator of the plan for the invasion of France through Belgium. *Right*—Foreign military representatives marching in the procession, one of the most impressive military funeral parades Berlin has seen in recent years. In addition to the Chancellor, ex-Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Field-Marshal von Mackensen, Field-Marshal von Blomberg (the Reich Minister for Defence), and Herr von Ribbentrop were also present



COMPLIMENTS FOR THE CONQUEROR: Mariam Kassa, one of the Abyssinian leaders in the East African war, who has now transferred his allegiance to the Italians, addressing the recent Agricultural Conference held in the Argentine Theatre, Rome, in the presence of Mussolini (second on right). Kassa paid many tributes to the Duce, stressing the immense service he was rendering the new colony by encouraging, at such an early stage, more intensive cultivation of the land

GASTRONOMIC ORDEAL: Dr. de Kozma (in tall hat; fourth from left) Hungarian Minister of the Interior, sitting down with German notabilities to a dinner in the Kaiser Franz Joseph Platz, Berlin. The meal was of the one-dish order every family in Germany is expected to eat at least once a week

REJOICINGS AT THE HAGUE: Prince Bernhard zur Lippe-Biesterfeld and his fiancée Crown Princess Juliana driving through the streets in an open carriage on the way to one of the main squares of the city where 40,000 members of patriotic societies were drawn up in a gigantic choir and sang national songs. This was the first of the series of demonstrations of rejoicing preceding the marriage of the couple whose match has caused such genuine satisfaction throughout Holland and her Empire



HOLLAND "DRESSES UP" The Town Hall of The Hague, where it was arranged that the civil ceremony of the Dutch Royal wedding should take place on January 7, adorned with the coats of arms of the Dutch Royal House and the House of Lippe. All last week public interest in the marriage was gathering momentum, and thousands of people from every part of the country flocked to the city to see the illuminations. Wedding presents poured in on the couple, and among the most costly were those from the Sultans of the Netherlands East Indies, consisting in the main of bejewelled gifts made with in their territories. Another offering was a carpet presented by a delegation of thirty-seven women on behalf of the 37,000 women who had joined together in weaving it. The oldest worker was ninety-five years of age and the youngest three

# MARSHAL SMIGLEY-RYDZ:

## Glimpses of the Domestic Background of a

COCKTAIL TIME: Madame Smigley-Rydz, the charming wife of Marshal Smigley-Rydz, entertaining two of her husband's guests in the Warsaw flat in which the Marshal still chooses to live despite the fact that he is leader of the army (and has been since the death of Pilsudski) and for all practical purposes is also leader of the nation

RECEIVING VISITORS: Marshal Smigley-Rydz in conversation with M. Hulanichi, of the Polish Foreign Office, and the Warsaw correspondent of a German daily. A scene in the unpretentiously furnished drawing-room of the Marshal's eight-roomed flat. He and his wife have the simplest of tastes

POLAND'S MAN OF DESTINY: Marshal Edward Smigley-Rydz who succeeded the late Marshal Pilsudski as Inspector-General of the Polish army and in November of last year was raised to his present rank, receiving his baton from M. Moscicki, the President, in the courtyard of the Presidential palace in Warsaw. It should be pointed out that the significance of the word Marshal is infinitely greater in Poland than it is elsewhere

## *National Figure, Soldier, Sportsman, and Artist*

IN a quiet, secluded street opposite the Belvedere Palace, once the home of the late Marshal Pilsudski and now a national museum, stands an unpretentious, three-storeyed, painted house and on a small plate on the fence is written the name Edward Smigley-Rydz. No title is attached. Nothing whatever to indicate that here lives the chief of the Polish army, a man who fought with great distinction in the great war and in the Polish-Soviet war of 1919–20 and who is to-day, without doubt, the most popular figure in the whole country, being regarded by many of the peasantry as the uncrowned king of Poland.

As one of the first men in the land, he might live in any one of the rich old palaces of Warsaw which have been offered to him. He was asked to accept a marshal's baton many times previously, and he only accepted this recently on his fiftieth birthday. He is a shy man. The very real modesty of Marshal Smigley-Rydz — leader, soldier, sportsman, and artist—is shown in the fact that he has chosen a small apartment of eight rooms, in a house in which there are also other flats, in which to live and work. The circumstance is not by any means without parallel but it is certainly most remarkable.

His home is small, and simply furnished in beautiful taste. . . . The home of an artist rather than a soldier, it gives an impression of spaciousness, peace, and harmony. Everywhere there are flowers and plants. All the walls are painted in pastel tones. The dining-room is a delicate green—he is very fond of green—and around these walls are hung some fine old porcelain plates, some Polish and some English. The round dining table gives an intimate air to the room. The Marshal and his wife are keen collectors of art treasures for their home and have bought several things in London, and on their sideboard stand two beautiful crystal flagons, obtained at the Caledonian Market. In this room there are no carpets and the exceptionally fine parquet floor, shining like a mirror, is seen to full advantage.

The drawing-room is homely with its warm cream walls, its Persian rugs, its masses of roses, its old English furniture and tea table drawn close to a crackling pinewood fire, for the Marshal is very fond of tea—he and his wife drink an English blend—and of the English fashion of an open fire in every room

THE OLD COBBLED COURTYARD in front of the house in which the Marshal and his wife have their flat. It stands in a secluded street opposite the Belvedere Palace—once the home of Marshal Pilsudski and recently converted into a museum

IN HIS OFFICE: *Left*—The Marshal, standing beside himself painted in his early youth. At that time [illegible] is indeed one of his greatest interests, but now

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STREETS THAT ARE NOW A SHAMBLES: Although the defenders of Madrid have successfully held their own for over six weeks, defying every attempt of the rebels to gain a footing, Madrid has none the less suffered terribly and there is no quarter of it, except the small safety zone, which does not present a terribly stricken appearance, house after house being wrecked by high explosives or burnt out by incendiary bombs. *Left*—A tangled mass of wreckage; all that remained of a car after receiving a direct hit from a light aerial bomb when travelling along the Gran Via. *Right*—A sidewalk covered with debris blown from a shop

FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION: *Left*—Paving stones torn up in the Puerta del Sol, the Piccadilly Circus of Madrid, following an attempt to bomb one of the important Government offices in the vicinity. In the course of the past six weeks this "square," in the very heart of the city, has been damaged time and time again, and squads of workmen have been engaged almost continuously in effecting repairs to allow the flow of traffic to resume. *Right*—An incendiary bomb dropped right in the centre of this market place, destroying the covered-in stands of the vendors but leaving the surrounding houses almost unscathed

THE PLIGHT OF THE REFUGEES: Ever since the threat to Madrid became serious, the Government has been slowly but surely evacuating the women and children and it is reckoned that at least 250,000 of them have sought safety in the east coast districts. Many were transported in omnibuses and taxis chartered by the authorities, but others had to find their own way out of the danger zone, a large proportion of them going on foot and braving the intense cold of the Spanish winter. *Left*—A party of children at the start of their long trek; their few belongings contained in a sack. *Right*—Another family on the march

# THE RED SEA

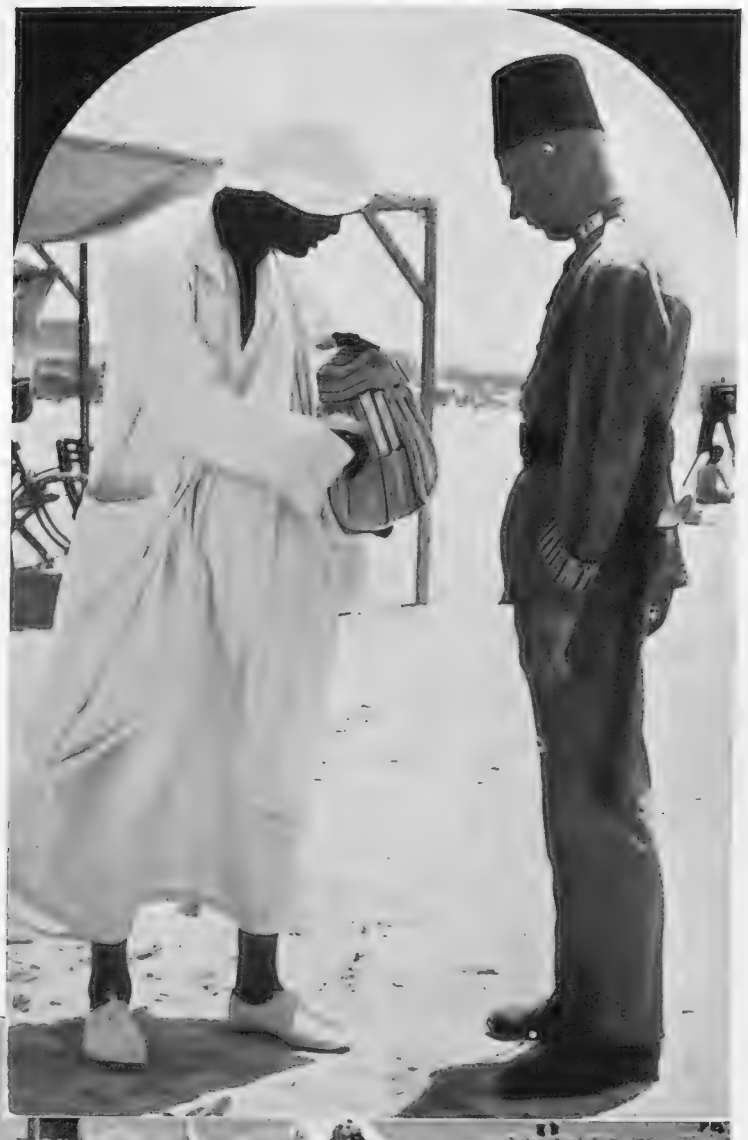
A SMUGGLER'S BATTLE GROUND: A lonely landing place on the shore of the Red Sea, near the mouth of the Gulf of Suez, which of recent years has been the scene of many a fight between the vigilant coastal patrolmen and the agents who attempt to introduce their narcotics from Arabia into Egypt —the world centre of drug distribution. Great efforts are being made to stamp out the traffic

EVER ON THE ALERT: A typical native leader of a Drug Traffic Patrol. His is one of the hardest of tasks, for a combination of brains and courage is essential if arrests are to be made

PAYING THE PENALTY: These men, seen carrying out their weekly ablutions in one of the hot sulph belt, are drug traffickers who have been sentenced to five years hard labour and put to work o task of road-building. Their gaoler stands nearby with a whip and a rifle in his hands, ready to prev

# PATROL: THE MEN WHO KEEP GUARD AGAINST THE DRUG SMUGGLERS ON EGYPT'S COASTS

PATROLLING THE LONELY SHORE: Coastguards of Egypt's efficient Drug Traffic Brigade riding their camels southward along a stretch of coast notorious for the activities of smugglers. *On right*—An Egyptian policeman demands to see the parcel of books carried by an Arabian vendor. His suspicions had been aroused by seeing the man with a known drug trafficker



*On left*—A POINT OF VANTAGE: This Red Sea lighthouse serves a dual purpose, for in addition to the lightkeepers it accommodates a contingent of guards whose first and foremost task is the prevention of drug smuggling. They need all their ingenuity to outwit the traffickers, examples of whose cunning have been brought to light time and time again

prings of the Red Sea coastal
Egyptian Government on the
ny possible attempt at escape

PATROLMEN'S CAMELS AT A DESERT POST, one of many set up by the Drug Traffic Brigade in the land between the Nile and the Red Sea, which, judging by the number of arrests made, is the neighbourhood most favoured by smugglers making their way into Egypt

THE FORBIDDING MOUNTAINS OF THE ARABIAN DESERT provide refuge to many a smuggler. They hide there during the day and by night descend to the plains in order to do their travelling

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA: A drug addict taking a narcotic pill. Egypt abounds in such people and, needless to say, the smuggler trades on their craving, setting a price on his wares that goes to the limit of their means

THE HUNT BALL SEASON is now in full swing throughout the shires and provinces. Members of the Cattistock held their ball on December 29 in the Corn Exchange, Dorchester, about 300 people being present. This supper-table group includes the joint Masters, Mr. A. H. Higginson and Mr. W. V. C. Ruxton, and (extreme right) Mrs. Higginson who is known to theatre-goers as Mary Newcomb

IN THE HANDS OF THE HOUSE-BREAKERS: The Orange Street Congregational Chapel, Portsea, the mother church of Congregationalism in a large area of Hampshire and West Sussex, is now being pulled down under a clearance scheme. The chapel was erected in 1754 by the followers of George Whitefield, the evangelist whose fiery oratory thrilled thousands and whose tireless zeal played such a part in the religious revival of the eighteenth century

BRITAIN'S MILD MID-WINTER: Crowds enjoying the sunshine on the promenade at Bournemouth last week where, for the time of year, extraordinarily high temperatures were recorded. London, too, shared in this welcome warm spell, and the temperature at Kew was, on December 29, 9 deg. above the late December average

# The Crown and the Commonwealth

## *How the Statute of Westminster Vitally Affected the Abdication*

TO many people during the monarchical crisis it must have come as rather a shock when they were told that Great Britain could not choose her own king. Since Charles I lost his head after quarrelling with Parliament, no one had ever questioned the right of the nation to say who should occupy the Throne. It is true that after 1701, when the Act of Settlement had laid down the Line of Succession, this right was only exercised in a passive sense. The fact remains that at any moment the British Parliament could, if they liked, alter the Succession without consulting anybody. The sovereignty of the people over their Sovereign was thus untrammelled for several centuries.

The discovery less than a month ago that this was no longer the case, was to some of us a slightly disturbing surprise. The selection of the Sovereign, it appeared, had ceased to be the exclusive concern of Britain. The Dominions had an equal say in the matter. How had this change come about?

To answer such a question, it is necessary, as always, to go back over the years. The process which has transformed the British Empire from a ruling country with overseas dependencies into a Commonwealth of equal nations was a slow and gradual one, and it is difficult to say at what stage any specific change occurred. The turning point was undoubtedly the great war. While sacrifices made in the common cause drew the Empire closer together, the war also saw the growth of the idea of self-determination. This made a greater, if not the complete, independence of its parts inevitable.

The new outlook was given public expression as early as 1921, when Mr. Lloyd George, addressing the Imperial Conference, said: "They (the Dominions) have achieved full national status. They now stand beside the United Kingdom as equal partners in the dignities and responsibilities of the British Commonwealth." This view was endorsed by Mr. Baldwin at the Imperial Conference of 1923, but it was not until the Conference of 1926 that the present relationship of the Mother Country with the Dominions was given formal definition.

The task of defining it was entrusted to a Committtee on Inter-Imperial Relations, of which the late Lord Balfour was the chairman and inspiring genius. The report of the Committee, on which the future constitution of the British Empire was to be based, was very largely the work of Lord Balfour himself, and the famous resolution which was adopted at the 1926 Conference is for ever associated with his name. It reads as follows: "They (the members of the Empire) are autonomous communities, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic and external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the Commonwealth of Nations."

Having established the principle, it remained to give it legal effect. Though it was scarcely ever exercised, the Home Government still possessed the right to restrict the sovereignty of the Dominion Parliaments in certain respects.

To get rid of these last remnants of British supremacy another Imperial Conference was held in 1930. It was then agreed that the special legislation required in the United Kingdom to give the Dominions full independence should be embodied in an Act called the Statute of Westminster. It was also agreed that the rule of unanimity in regard to the Succession, which had been accepted originally in 1926, should be included in a Preamble. It is this Preamble which modifies the power of the British Parliament freely to alter the Succession, and in view of its bearing on the recent controversy it must be quoted in full:—

"And whereas it is meet and proper to set out by way of preamble to this Act that inasmuch as the Crown is the symbol of the free association of the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and as they are united by a common allegiance to the Crown, it would be in accord with the established constitutional position of all the members of the Commonwealth in relation to one another that any alteration in the law touching the Succession to the Throne or the Royal Style and Titles shall hereafter require the assent as well of the Parliaments of all the Dominions as of the Parliament of the United Kingdom."

It may safely be said that the vast majority of English people at the time had no conception of the almost revolutionary change which was thus effected in their relationship with the Monarchy. The Statute of Westminster, which became law on December 11, 1931, was one of the first measures to be introduced by the first National Government and the lack of publicity which accompanied it can be attributed, perhaps, to the financial and political crisis from which the country was just emerging, and to the general preoccupation over more urgent matters.

Even in Parliament, though there was much criticism of the effective clauses of the Statute, only a few voices were raised on the subject of the preamble. Most of these, moreover, including that of Mr. Churchill, were chiefly concerned that the reference of the Crown should not have been included in the effective clauses. Several members thought that the assent of all members of the Empire to a change of Succession should be made an absolute obligation, instead of being mentioned in a preamble, not binding in law. An amendment to this effect was actually introduced, though not adopted.

GETTING UNDER WAY AGAIN: Following the upsetting of all calculations in regard to the Coronation decorations, designers at once started work on revised models. In this Manchester studio, papier maché and plaster casts, bearing the arms, the monogram, or the effigies of the new King and Queen are being produced with all speed. There is now not a moment to lose

The debates suggested, indeed, that the House of Commons regarded the assent of the Dominions as a guarantee against a British Government's tampering with the Monarchy, rather than as an infringement of their own privileges. A question put by Mr. Marjoribanks to the Prime Minister (Mr. Ramsay MacDonald) was typical in this respect. "Is the Rt. Hon. gentleman aware" he asked "that to change the Titles of the Crown it is necessary to get consent of the Dominions, and will he be careful in any of his schemes to obtain the consent of the Dominions before he takes any step necessitating a change in that Title."

The reference was to India, where Mr. MacDonald was suspected of wishing to abolish the title of King Emperor. But it shows how far Parliament at that time was from envisaging the situation which arose at the beginning of this month. Had they foreseen that the day might come when a question touching the Monarchy, on which British public opinion was divided, would be decided by the attitude of the Dominions, would they have been so ready to vote away their ancient prerogative? Perhaps the step was necessary in order to satisfy the demands of the Dominions and avert the danger of secessions. But it may be questioned, in the light of the recent developments, whether the measure would have passed so light-heartedly.

G. M.

# SEASIDE and COUNTRYSIDE

# What Other People Are Doing

*Some Personalities in the Limelight at the Turn of the Year*

THE CHURCHILL–OLIVER ROMANCE: Mr. Vic Oliver (right), the American comedian, and his wife, formerly Sarah Churchill, the actress daughter of Mr. Winston Churchill, pictured with Mr. Randolph Churchill at Waterloo Station when the couple arrived in England at the start of their honeymoon following their marriage at the City Hall, New York, on December 24. Mr. Oliver met Miss Churchill when he was playing a leading part in *Follow the Sun* in London

A QUESTION OF VOLUME: Mr. Edward F. Lockton, the well-known lyric writer, who has just had his 2,250th song published. He is pictured here with some of the ninety-eight books into which he has had bound all the copies of his published works. They occupy very nearly 6 ft. of bookshelf

MR. DAVID FINGARD, the inventor of a new and successful inhalation treatment for bronchial complaints, was recently ordered by the Home Office to leave the country as he is an American citizen. A campaign was at once started in order to secure permission for him to remain on

WOMEN IN THE NEWS: Twenty-seven year old Miss Rose Temple (*left*), the actress niece of the Archbishop of York, is shortly to join the B.B.C. as assistant in the Children's Hour Programme. *Right*—Miss Helen McRobert who has been appointed "Hostess to the Congregation" at Orr Square Church, Paisley

MODEL SISTERS: Miss Belle Morley and Miss Julia Morley, daughters of Mr. Harry Morley, Associate of the Academy, have recently been engaged in painting each other's portraits. They often use each other as models

UTAH'S APOSTLE: Dr. Richard Lyman, who has been appointed European Mission President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, has just arrived in England and is planning to stay here three years

MINE HOST AT THE ALBION: Mr. J. W. T. Pook, who has been manager of the Queen's, Manchester, for over eight years, and who is now taking over control of the late Sir Harry Preston's famous Brighton hotel. One of Mr. Pook's greatest feats as a caterer was accomplished in 1918 when he ensured that the troops of the British Army of Occupation in the Rhineland should have a proper Christmas dinner. He succeeded in buying 15,000 turkeys and sent them in two special trains to Cologne

THE BOY KING: Peter II of Yugoslavia (towards left) distributing presents to orphans on Mother Day in Belgrade, an ancient festival celebrated in Yugoslavia on the last Sunday of the year

A PASSION PLAY AT THE RUMANIAN COURT: Fifteen-year-old Crown Prince Michael, dressed in the costume of a shepherd, rehearsing with his schoolfellows the open-air production which they staged at Christmas in the grounds of the Royal Palace at Bucharest in the presence of King Carol and his entourage

AS THE OLD YEAR PASSED: Members of the Diplomatic Corps in Paris pictured as they left the Elysée Palace after paying their customary end-of-the-year call on the President of the Republic, M. Lebrun. The tall, monocled figure near the centre is that of Sir George Clerk, the British Ambassador, while on his left, in animated conversation, are the Polish Ambassador and the Papal Nuncio

A CHRISTMASTIDE PARTY IN THE HIGHLANDS: Three generations are represented in this group taken at Amat Lodge, Ardgay, Ross-shire, where the Marquess and Marchioness Conyngham were staying during the holidays. Left to right—Lady Frederick Conyngham; Major J. W. H. Thompson (father of Marchioness); the Marchioness Conyngham; the Marquess Conyngham; the Earl of Mount-Charles (heir), and Miss Antoinette Custance

# ARE THEY CO-HEIRS?

*The Position of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose on the Question of Succession Set Forth and Elucidated by Historical Precedent*

THERE has been some question of late concerning the presumed difficulty of the succession passing to the little daughters of King George VI. According to common law, if entailed property descends to daughters, they all share alike. This has been taken to apply necessarily to the succession to the Crown, and the argument has been put forward that special legislation would be required to make the Princess Elizabeth sole heir-presumptive to the throne. But what applies to the ordinary civilian does not perforce apply to the Royal line.

It is well to look back along the page of history and see what has happened in the past—for precedent holds great force in matters pertaining to the throne. There have been only two occasions when the royal descent ended in two daughters of the last king—the sisters Mary and Elizabeth, daughters of Henry VIII; and the sisters Mary and Anne, daughters of James II. During the reign of Henry VIII, that much married man, the order of succession was constantly changing, as the monarch's fancy passed from one fair lady to another.

His two daughters were at one time heirs to the throne and at others rendered ineligible by Acts of Parliament pronouncing them to be illegitimate. But a few years before his death both Mary and Elizabeth were restored to the royal line and Parliament asked the King to make a will arranging the order of succession. This will was afterwards passed into an Act of Parliament, making it binding. By it Henry arranged that the Crown should go to his son Edward and his heirs, then to his elder daughter Mary and her heirs, and then to Elizabeth and her heirs. Failing these, the Crown was to pass to the heirs of his younger sister, Mary, who had married, as her second husband, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. In his dislike for the Scottish king Henry VIII had cut off the succession from his *elder* sister, Margaret, who had married James IV of Scotland.

As we know Edward VI succeeded his father, but when he was dying, without heirs, the ambitious Duke of Northumberland persuaded him to leave the throne, by will, to his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, eldest daughter of Frances, Duchess of Suffolk. The young king was induced to believe that as his father had been able to arrange the succession by will, so in like manner, had he the power to alter it. The legal authorities consulted were aghast at the idea and pointed out that King Henry's case had been exceptional and that special authority had been given by Parliament. However, they finally gave way, moved by the pleadings of the dying king, and the threats of Northumberland, and drew up letters patent, which were signed by the leading nobles.

Yet, in spite of the dominance of Northumberland, his puppet Queen, who had married his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, only reigned for the notorious nine days for all England demanded the rightful heir, Mary, the elder daughter of King Henry. Catholic though she might be, no one put forward her sister, Elizabeth. There was no query then that they were co-heirs. Possibly the Act of Succession determined that, but the nation did not cling too closely to Henry's will. They only followed that part of it which was according to the natural succession. The descendants of Henry's younger sister, who should have followed after Elizabeth's death had the will been observed, were never seriously considered, and the bulk of the population looked to James VI of Scotland, the great-grandson of the elder sister of Henry VIII as the rightful heir.

When King James II fled from England in 1689, finding no one to support him against the armed force of William of Orange, the throne was left vacant, and a Convention Parliament was called together to settle matters. James was declared to have abdicated and his infant son, whose birth had been suspect (though doubtless quite unjustly) was cut out of the inheritance. It was at once realised that the next heir was the Princess Mary, no claim being raised by her sister, Princess Anne, both of whom were daughters of the King who had left his country. Mary definitely refused the Crown without her husband, and William of Orange himself intimated that he would not accept any subordinate position.

After some deliberation the Crown was offered to both William and Mary, as reigning King and Queen, William to be the executive ruler. By the Declaration of Rights the succession was to go to the heirs of William and Mary, then to the Princess Anne and her heirs, and then to the heirs of William, by any subsequent marriage. William III, it is to be remembered, was himself in the royal line, apart from his marriage, for his mother had been the eldest daughter of Charles I. The Convention Parliament which thus settled the question of the vacant throne had no scruples about co-heirs—they went entirely by primogeniture, once the offending member of the Royal family, who had failed as a ruler, had been removed. There is little doubt, such is the claim of the first-born on the English mind, that had the Old Pretender (as the son of James II was always known) been willing to become a Protestant he would have been accepted as King after the death of Queen Anne. Macaulay writes of this settlement of the throne.

"Not a single flower of the Crown was touched. Not a single new right was given to the people. The old English law, substantive and adjective, was in the judgement of the greatest lawyers . . . almost exactly the same after the Revolution as before it. Some controverted points had been decided according to the best jurists; and there had been a slight deviation from the ordinary course of succession. This was all; and this was enough"...

From these examples it is apparent that the great law officers of the past invariably decided in

ARE THEY CO-HEIRS?

favour of the eldest of the daughters of the royal line, whether it was in the matter of sisters or of the succession of a prince claiming the right through his mother. Indeed, Sir William Blackstone, the great eighteenth-century jurist, had no doubt about the matter:

"Among females the Crown descends by right of primogeniture to the eldest daughter only and her issue, and not, as in common inheritance, to all the daughters at once, the evident necessity of a sole succession to the Throne having occasioned the Royal law of descents to depart from the common law in this respect."

But we are told that the Statute of Westminster of 1931 has created difficulties, in so far as any changes in the law touching the succession must receive the assent of all the self-governing Dominions. If, however, the ancient custom of the throne is to prevail, no new law is required, and therefore the recent Statute will not be brought into action. The late abdication was an act without precedent and therefore required the assent of the Dominions.

It seems strange that it appeared wise and good to the framers of the Statute of Westminster to insert the particular clause concerning the assent of all the self-governing Dominions to any change in the succession. The Act of Union with Scotland in 1707, uniting the parliaments of the two countries, had been brought about by the possibility that Scotland, with its separate parliament might not be in agreement with England over the succession. England was prepared to accept, after the death of Queen Anne, the descendants of the daughter of James I—that beautiful Princess Elizabeth who had married the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and was the mother of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, the only Protestant member of the Stuart line. Scotland, however, indicated that she might prefer some other member and it was this critical dilemma which brought the Act of Union into being and the line of succession fixed upon the House of Hanover.

# Training Japan's Naval Air Arm

## At the State Marine Flying School, Tokyo

LECTURE TIME: Students of the State Marine Flying School, Tokyo, where members of the Japanese naval air arm receive their training before taking up their duties on aircraft carriers, listening to an officer instructor's talk on the different types of wireless apparatus used in the service. In summer the pupils wear white ducks with identity badges on the right breast of the jacket

SUSPENDED INANIMATION! Students of the Tokyo Flying School asleep in their hammocks, which are slung row upon row from a series of iron girders set across the dormitory

IN THE DINING-HALL: The meals at the school are naturally simple, consisting of fish and vegetables, particularly rice, and the minimum of meat. The diet has been planned on a scientific basis and has been evolved as a result of a long series of elaborate experiments carried out by leading doctors

QUESTIONING HANDS: Two pupils seek the assistance of the officer instructor during the English class. This is regarded as the most important of the languages given in the school's curriculum

CLEANLINESS AND ORDERLINESS: The spick and span dining-room, with its polished floor on which are laid in a neat row the pupils' shoes which they exchange for slippers before taking their places at table. In the foreground are some of the rifles that line the ground floor corridors. *Right*—A pupil reading a life of Bismarck, one of the standard works recommended for leisure time reading by the school authorities

The Japanese naval authorities are to-day taking great pains in building up an efficient Fleet Air Arm, realising what a vital part the sailor-airmen may play in future warfare. This policy of expansion is reflected in the fact that three 10,000-ton aircraft carriers are now under construction, and when the time comes these will doubtless be manned by many of the students now receiving instruction at the State Marine Flying School, Tokyo—an institution that offers a most intensive course of training and one that is surprisingly wide in scope. In addition to engineering subjects, languages play a large part in the curriculum

# WINTERSPORTING: SOME ST. MORITZ HOLIDAY MAKERS

BEAUTY FROM THE "DEEP SOUTH": Miss Gladys Daly, an American girl hailing from New Orleans, makes a picture of stylish neatness

PRELUDE TO PLEASURE: Members of a trailing party about to start out for a picnic—a four-horsed sleigh providing the motive power. A typical winter scene in St. Moritz where the season is now well under way and the hotels are packed—the new financial line-up in Europe having done much to bring Switzerland a markedly increased volume of tourist trade reminiscent of boom times

WAITING FOR THE WORD: *Left*—Mlle Emme Solomon, of Paris, at the starting point in the Ladies Impromptu Down Hill Race held recently on the Corviglia slopes above St. Moritz. Her skiing get-up was much admired. *Right*—A FAMILY PARTY: Sir Victor and Lady Warrender, accompanied by their sons John, Robin, and Simon, ready to start off for the skiing slopes

FIANCÉ AND FIANCÉE: Miss Pearl Laski ("Marghanita" to her friends), daughter of Mr. Neville Laski, K.C., and Mr. John Howard, to whom she is engaged, about to set off on a skiing run. Both are Oxford undergraduates and both "took their schools" last June

THE LAW'S STRONG ARM: Lord Justice Maugham "stouping" a stone during a recent international curling match between England and Switzerland on the Kulm rink. In his early days he was a great rowing enthusiast and was number seven in the Cambridge University Eights of 1888 and 1889

# FLIGHT

AVIATION MADE EASY: Herr Robert Kronfeld, the German gliding expert explaining to a pupil the operation of his new Drone trainer at Hanworth Aerodrome, Middlesex. The machine, which is built on the simplest lines, has been devised to give would-be aviators a chance of gaining experience without the expense of hiring a fully equipped plane

HERR KRONFELD DEMONSTRATING HIS NEW DRONE TRAINER: The German inventor flying his machine over Hanworth aerodrome. The extreme simplicity with which the plane is constructed is at once obvious; a single joist taking the place of an elaborate fuselage, and a low-powered engine just sufficient to give the necessary lift providing the motive force. It is not the intention of course to use the Drone for flights of any length

ENGINELESS FLIGHT: A pilot sitting rigid in the forepart of his plane as it was drawn from the ground at the start of a trip. A scene on Dunstable Downs, the headquarters of the London Gliding Club, where gliding goes on all the year round

MAKING THE WINDS HIS SERVANT: A member of the London Gliding Club sailing on an even keel over the Dunstable Downs, Bedfordshire, at the start of a flight. Gliding, which has for so long been popular on the Continent, and particularly in Germany where its practice is regarded in the light of a national duty, is now making great strides in this country. 1935 saw a considerable advance in interest as evidenced by the attendance of sixty-five people at the London Club's Summer Camp, over fifty of whom were awarded certificates after successfully passing the various tests. Last year progress was maintained and there was a very satisfactory increase in membership

"LIKE A PROSTRATED MASTODON": This was the American captionist's title for this picture of the air liner piloted by Dick Merrill after it had come to grief in the mountainous wooded terrain near Port Jervis, New York State. The machine, which belonged to "The Great Silver Fleet," encountered a tremendous storm during an attempt to carry out the first direct flight from West Palm Beach, Florida, to Newark Airport, New Jersey. The pilot made a brilliant pancake landing in a woodland clearing, thereby saving his mails and his passengers from injury

DOWN BUT NOT OUT: A close-up of the air liner piloted by Dick Merrill, showing the comparatively small amount of damage done to its structure. Mr. Merrill, who so skilfully averted a major tragedy, has many fine feats to his credit and last year, it will be remembered, accomplished, with his partner Harry Richman, a double crossing of the Atlantic in record time. The return journey ended in a crash

WRECK OF AN ARMY BOMBER: A United States military machine after it had crashed near Mitchell Field, injuring three men. An eye-witness said that the giant craft dived suddenly, ripped down a telegraph pole and a tree, and fell on to a greenhouse, flattening it to the ground

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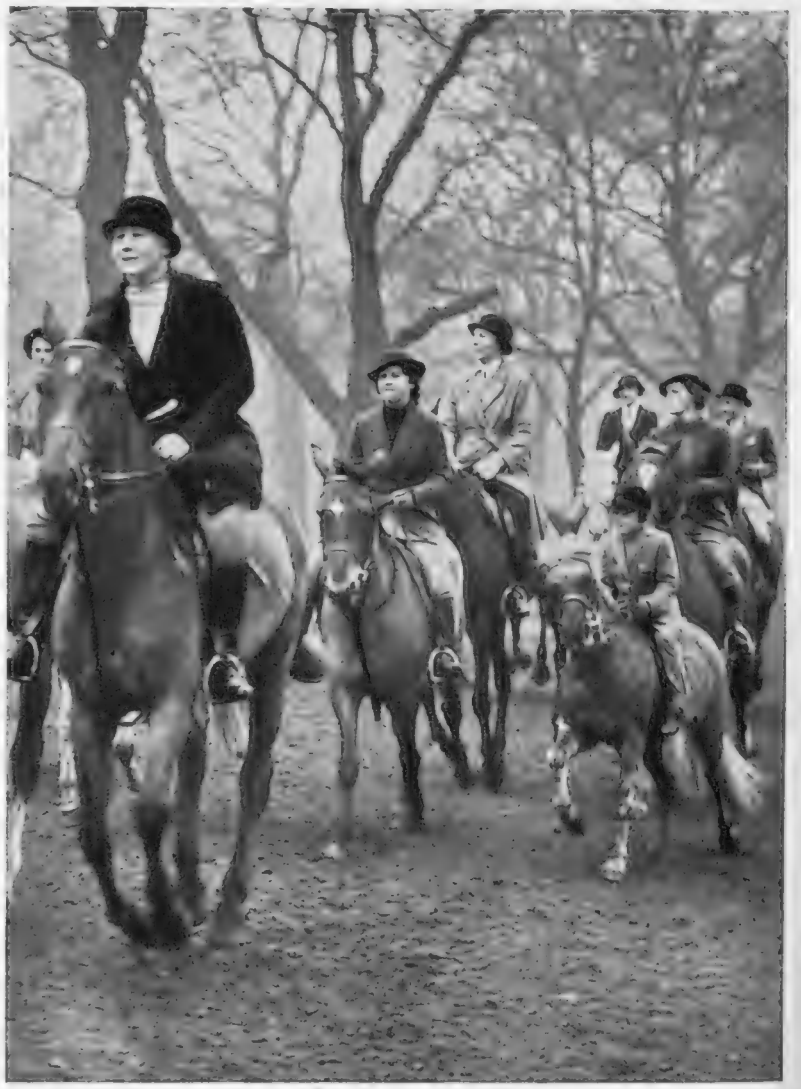
# THE YOUNG ENTRY LEARN THE ETIQUETTE OF THE HUNTING FIELD

## Two of the Many Noted Packs that Held Special Christmastide Children's Meets—Winter Mornings in the Row

MASTER AND PUPILS: Sir William Mount, Joint Master of the South Berks, giving advice to young followers at the Pony Club meet of this hunt at Yattendon Court, Reading, the residence of Lord Iliffe. This is the season of children's meets, and, as in the past, many of the hunts in the shires and provinces are catering specially for the younger generation, the idea being to give boys and girls an opportunity of learning the etiquette of the hunting field

OUT FOR A CANTER IN THE PARK: During the mild mornings of the last days of December the Row was particularly well patronised and, it being holiday time, there was quite a sprinkling of youngsters. The mixture of equine aristocrats and hirelings provides a source of interest to the knowledgeable spectator

A WORD FROM JACK MOLYNEUX: The famous huntsman instructing young followers in the ethics of the chase before moving off to draw after the annual meet of the South Northumberland Pony Club at Scales Cross, Northumberland



CAVALCADE: Another early morning scene in the Row

*I would Provide as Christmas Box*
*For Every Sportsman's Child,*
*A very Special Christmas Fox*
*With Manners Specially Mild*
*From Covert he Should Boldly Burst,*
*And Stay So Long in View,*
*That Each Could Say I Saw Him First*
*I Saw Him Before You.*

WILL OGILVIE

# CROWNED

## With Butterflies and Birds or with Regal Ermine

## MOTIF FOR 1937

A high fur toque on which has alighted a flight of brilliantly hued butterflies, their wings outspread, their colours vivid against the soft blackness of the fur

On the right, at top, is the new pillbox, with a deep curved band at the back, and across the front two small birds. The meshed veil hangs straight to the shoulders

Like a monk's habit, Schiaparelli's pale blue broadcloth deshabille falls in heavy folds from neck to hem. With its gold-studded belt and its backward sweeping sleeves, it has a very tranquil and youthful air

Lucille Paray heralds coming events in her black velvet evening frock with its full sleeves trimmed with bands of ermine. It is swathed against the figure at the front, with tremendous fulness at the back

Rosevienne's beautiful black ciré satin dress is seen below. Printed with multi-coloured flowers it is worn with a black coat, waisted and full, lined with the satin and bordered with flowers

THRILLING AMERICA: Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in one of the series of one-act plays under the title of *To-night at 8.30*, which are now following up in New York the success they attained at the Phœnix Theatre in London last spring. This theatrical *hors d'œuvre*, a mixture of satire, sentiment, and fooling, makes a tremendous appeal in the States and, needless to say, is drawing packed houses

"THE ASTONISHED HEART": Noel Coward with Gertrude Lawrence in the emotional triangle drama which many regard as the best of his efforts in the intensely difficult medium of the one-act play. An instantaneous camera impression taken from the auditorium during the present New York production

# CURRENT

## *"Charles the King" Rated the Outstanding Play of 1936—"Cinderella" Best of Pantomime Themes—Winter Opera, a Novel Feature*

## By PHILIP PAGE

NO year which has seen the production of at least one fine play can be reckoned, in the theatrical sense, wholly disappointing. That distinction belongs, I think, to *Charles the King*, by Maurice Colbourne—historical drama at its very best, written in simple and dignified prose, and poignantly dramatic in all its situations.

There were other important events in the theatre in 1936, one of them the fact that Sir James Barrie broke a long silence, and broke it, on the whole, worthily. For my part I find the adventures of King Charles more absorbing than the adventures of King David, but I wish both of them continued success. Other stage royalties have been less fortunate, notably Madame Leontovich's quaint attempt to play Cleopatra in English, which made *Anthony and Anna* an entertainment to be preferred to *Antony and Cleopatra*.

When my friend and colleague, Mr. James Agate, was asked earlier in the year to give a list of the six favourite actresses on the London stage, he mentioned, with tongue well planted in the critical cheek, Madame Leontovich (an extremely good actress, by the way, in parts which suit her and demand an English peculiarly broken) and five other ladies from Central and Eastern Europe. The joke was a good one. But I am glad that the point of it shows signs of vanishing.

Without indulging in a detailed chronicle of successes and failures, I would say that the Year of Three Reigns has been also the Year of Two Good Plays, of still greater popularity for Russian Ballet, of some mediocre comedies which have run a few nights only, of one attractive revue, of a fine spectacular musical show, of two musical plays, and of two diverting farces. These last—*Laughter in Court*, which had a long innings at the Shaftesbury, and *French Without Tears*, which is likely to pack the little Criterion for a long time to come, are by young and hitherto unknown authors, Mr. John Mills and Mr. Terence Rattigan. That is a particularly encouraging sign. I would sooner see a young man write an amusing farce than an ambitious drama, which may be reserved for such as are of riper years (unless it is a matter of sheer genius); for one thing, a farce is considerably more difficult. Mr. Mills has, I gather, gone to Hollywood with a fat contract. I hope the films will not claim him altogether.

The Old Vic has kept to the straight and narrow path of Shakespeare and other educational work, with the exception of a slipping of the collar in the matter of the amusing indecencies of Wych-erley. All is now well again, with *Hamlet* very much in full.

There is a characteristic tendency to rank the past year's films not according to merit but according to the amount of money they made. One film at least wins on both counts—*Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, which seems to have broken records everywhere and is, withal, as amusing and well-acted a comedy as I have ever seen on the screen. Moreover, it introduced a new word, "pixilated," into the English language; that word might be applied to the condition a dramatic critic finds himself in any Christmas time after a prolonged dose of pantomimes and Christmas plays.

That sprightly couple Miss Ginger Rogers and Mr. Fred Astaire have won popularity with "musicals" of the *Follow the Fleet* type. Miss Eleanor Powell tap-danced her way into fame with *Broadway Melody of 1936;* Miss Anna Sten failed signally to rise to the opportunities offered her in *A Woman Alone*, though that admirable and lavishly produced film is well worth seeing for its own sake. Mr. Charles Laughton was better on the screen as Captain Bligh in *Mutiny on the Bounty* than he is on the Palladium stage as Captain Hook in *Peter Pan*. *The Ghost Goes West* was an excellent and amusing spook film.

Miss Jean Harlow again proved herself a good actress and a grand comedienne in *China Seas* and *Libelled Lady*. I did not care for the H. G. Wells' fantasy, *Things to Come*, and the Charlie Chaplin *Modern Times* I found sadly disappointing and old-fashioned, although the limit of deadly dullness has been reached with *The Garden of Allah*, despite the desirability of the Dietrich.

The understandable worship in the Shirley Temple did not prevent puerility in the form of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* failing to please.

Of the New Year films, *Cain and Mabel* has a title which is on the cheap side and is itself representative of the majority of the dialogue, which is of the "wise-crack" type. A more determinedly American film I have rarely known. One of the chief figures is a newspaper man. In American plays and films the journalist is a much featured person, appearing in heroic guise in most of them. We, on the other hand, keep journalists in the background in the entertainment world. Perhaps it is just as well.

Also, American authors and producers of films exploit much more than we do the back-stage world. I have rarely experienced any form of romance or dramatic interest in the community which is reached via the pass-door or the stage-door. Its possibilities to the writer of film scenarios appear to be endless. Here we find an ex-waitress who goes on the stage, romantically linked with a prize-fighter. The parts are respectively, and quite respectably, played by Miss Marion Davies and Mr. Clark Gable, who, I note, is modestly described as "the greatest actor the world has ever seen."

I am wondering how many great actors the Hollywood newspaper man who used that phrase has ever seen.

**"Cinderella"**—Pantomime is a new venture for the Coliseum, and in *Cinderella* it has started out with an exceptionally good specimen. The spectacular side is superb and the snow scenes are things of true beauty. There is plenty of fun supplied largely by Mr. Douglas Wakefield and Mr. Lupino Lane. And Miss Madge Elliott, superb in her be-tighted glory, is a principal boy who can sing a song, look heroic, impart vitality to an extent, and put everyone on both sides of the foot-lights on good terms with themselves. Miss Elliott is already a favourite in musical shows, though as far as England is concerned this is, I believe, her pantomime debut. Her success is overwhelming and makes a visit to the Coliseum a necessity.

MissEdna Best appears in the title role. Either the part of Cinderella is not good enough for Miss Best or Miss Best is not good enough for the part of Cinderella. Since the latter is an inconceivable position, I can only surmise that here is such a poor part that it is beyond the power of one of the cleverest of our actresses in a very different line of business to make it appear interesting.

I saw an early performance, and I have little doubt that by this time Miss Best is feeling, or appearing to feel, somewhat happier. *Cinderella* is the ideal pantomime story, and the authors of this version of it are doubtless in part to blame for so vague a heroine.

**Opera at Covent Garden.**—Covent Garden is but rarely open for grand opera in the winter-time. Indeed, for some seasons past the historic house has temporarily become a *palais*

COCHRAN'S CORONATION REVUE: Gita Alpar singing one of her songs in *Home and Beauty* which was recently presented at the Opera House, Manchester, for a trial run. The show is noteworthy not only because Mr. Cochran says it will be his last revue, but also because those mainstays of this kind of entertainment—jazz, tap-dancing, and a chorus—are entirely ab

# DRAMA

*danse*. Music lovers should be grateful to Sir Thomas Beecham and his syndicate for restoring the place to its real function and for seeing that the performances are on a remarkably high level.

But they should go a little farther than that and support them in sufficient numbers to make the season a commercial success. I hope that all is well now that the festivities, other than musical, appropriate to the time of year are finished, and that people able and willing to pay £1 for a stall have returned from country-house parties. During the opening week audiences were sadly meagre—a fact which was the more tantalising in that one can recall performances of less than a quarter of the merit of those now occurring which have been rewarded by vast and enthusiastic audiences. Even *Tales of Hoffmann*, sung in French, with that eminent *prima donna* from Paris, Mlle Delprat (who was over here in the summer for *Louise*) conducted by Sir Thomas himself, and produced in a fashion both artistic and lavish, drew a thin house.

Humperdinck's exquisite *Hansel und Gretel* was given in a way the genius of the work deserves. Many conductors are inclined to "rush" it. Mr. Lawrance Collingwood's *tempi* were immaculate.

The new scenery is a great success; it does not pretend to be ultra-modern or very startlingly original. The composer demanded conventionality (of the right sort) and German Christmas sentimentality of the type which expresses itself in winged angels blowing golden trumpets, in the fashion of the religious prints of the Victorian era. That is done to perfection and that is what is wanted.

The opera, sung in German, has an ideal Gretel in Irene Eisinger (who was in a Cochran revue at the Adelphi) though her voice is on the small side for Covent Garden. The best singing came from Miss Maggie Teyte as Hansel—the type of part Elisabeth Bergner, who is indeed "the boy Hansel" to the life, was born to play, if only she had a singing voice.

Mr. Dennis Noble (Peter) is one of those operatic singers who cannot fail in any role he undertakes.

PANTO CHILDREN: The Terry Juveniles, a clever team of child dancers, who give a first-rate account of themselves in *Cinderella* which Prince Littler, unable to get Drury Lane this year, has put on in a lavish way at the Coliseum — one of the few theatres with the wide open spaces necessary for big scale pantomime. The revolving stage there is naturally a great advantage, particularly in the Palace scenes where the audience can watch each phase of Cinderella's arrival

PRINCIPAL BOY AND PRINCIPAL GIRL: Madge Elliott as Prince Charming and Edna Best in the title-role of *Cinderella*. For Miss Best pantomime is an entirely new medium

A PANTOMIME PICNIC: The Baron (Wallace Lupino), Buttons (Lupino Lane), and the Ugly Sisters (Billy Nelson and Douglas Wakefield) are in first-rate form in the Coliseum show

**"The Melody that Got Lost."**—I do not imagine that *The Melody that Got Lost*, translated by Ronald Adam from the Scandinavian (?) of Kjeld Abell and produced at the Embassy Theatre, will make the same stir in the dramatic world, or the amount of money achieved by that heart-throb of my early youth, *The Broken Melody*, but it is a strange, piquant play none the less. All discontented people should see it, and as most of us are discontented this should mean a fortune for Mr. Adam and others. That is, however, unlikely. It is a little too strange and, while labelled a fantasy, a trifle too fantastical.

What, then, is this melody and how did it get lost? There is no melody, so it could not get lost. The melody, as far as I could judge—the point is not any too clear—is that for which a man sighs in order that he may get out of that station in life to which it has pleased the Almighty to call him, though it does not please him to remain in it. He searches, throughout this play, for that "melody." He is an ordinary sort of person with an ordinary name and an extraordinarily pretty and appealing little wife in the person of Miss Victoria Hopper, as Gretel-like as ever.

Together they go through scenes rather after the fashion of philosophical babes in the wood. There is a "Wicked Uncle," disguised as a mother-in-law and played with immense gusto by Lady Tree. Since the mother-in-law is by far the most capable person in the story I would have put her down as an asset rather than a liability. The authors have thought otherwise. The main point is that Lady Tree is there.

There is also some tuneful incidental music by Miss Nancy Logan—original, cleverly arranged, and of a type which adds to the fantastical atmosphere. If the "melody," which is the *clou* of the play, has got lost, Miss Logan has undoubtedly managed to find some others.

Which reminds me, this play (which should eventually find itself in the West End if it does not get lost on the way) is in the evening bill only at the Embassy. For matinees there is a dainty pantomime in miniature, *Cinderella*, which really should, and does appeal to children. *Cinderella* is the best of all pantomime stories, as I have said above, but it is easy to ruin it by unwise treatment. In this case all is well.

"ST. PETERSBURG OPERA HOUSE 1914": The scene in *Balalaika*, at the Adelphi, in which the Imperial Russian ballet gives a command performance for the Tsar. This musical show, having as its main theme the conflict between White and Red Russia, is proving an outstanding success. Philip Page, in his review last week, said: "An enormous cast flung themselves, and sometimes one another, about à la russe; there is a whole ballet and a good one; there is some first rate chorus singing and a fine orchestra; and, above all, there is heaps for the money"

**"Hideaway Girl" (Film).**—The film world is likely to take unto itself another idol in Miss Shirley Ross. In *Hideaway Girl* she has a rather better chance than formerly and she makes the most it as a beautiful jewel-thief in a conventional yarn. She is good to look at, can act, and has a sense of restraint, which was lacking in Miss Martha Raye, who overdoes her comedy contributions to a lamentable extent. Mr. Robert Cumings is the hero and there is some tuneful music and not too much of it.

# BOOKS OF THE YEAR

## *Vernon Fane Looks Back on Twelve Months of Publishing—A Record but not a Vintage Year*

THE shortest day passed; the year at the turn. Never more fervently has a nation wished itself a happy new year. Looking back, 1936 seems to have earned black marks all round, and to be distinguished only for those things most people will wish to forget. Nor, in our customary survey of the world of books, do we find anything which particularly brightens the calendar page just turned. Definitively it was no vintage year.

As I write, the figures, which are printed below, have just become available and reveal a record output. If publishers cannot give us quality they seem more than ever determined to maintain and even to increase the quantity. How the majority of these books pay for the publishing is a problem that frankly defeats me. Since publishers must know their business, or they wouldn't remain long at that business, I can only conclude that the reading public increases by a commensurate amount every year.

Usually about this time somebody pops up, quotes the figures, and calls for a restriction of output. Publishers are appealed to, and the issue is sometimes curiously confused by the fallacy that the general standard falls with every increase of the number of books published. Do such people seriously believe that in the currency of books a sort of Gresham's Law obtains, and that bad books tend to drive out good ones? It is true that bad books sometimes sell in their tens of thousands, but they cannot and do not kill the good ones. Any published work with quality above the ordinary, no matter how neglected at the outset, will sooner or later find recognition. The late Augustine Birrell wrote one of his most forceful and characteristic essays on this subject. Genius once committed to the printed page and bound between the covers of a book will sooner or later come into its own.

Indisputably it is a fact that to-day it is easier for an unknown writer to find a publisher to take a risk on his work than ever before. Genius, if there is any about, never had a better chance. The flood of books which every year disappears into a well-merited oblivion neither proves nor disproves anything. In the buying and selling of books, as in every other trade, economic laws prevail, and publishers will continue to supply as long as the public demands.

Critics who deplore the fact that there should be such an enormous demand for books of mediocre quality, mostly novels, seem to forget that the general level of the public taste is much higher, even that it was a few years ago. Books of what I may call the Charles Garvice type are no longer runaway best sellers. The biggest seller of the last ten years was *The Good Companions* in which, in my opinion, the public displayed the best of taste.

Writers of the quality of Somerset Maugham, J. B. Priestley, Charles Morgan, Aldous Huxley, Hugh Walpole, Rebecca West, Ernest Hemingway (to name only a few at random) now enjoy a wider popularity than writers of their calibre could have done a few decades ago. Moreover I believe it to be true that more good, competent novels are written and published to-day than at any time before. All of which should be an added encouragement to our budding geniuses.

Our survey of the year, then, reveals an increased output; it also confirms a general tendency which we noted at the end of last year, namely, that the "general" book is challenging the supremacy of the novel in popular favour. Non-fiction books will show the biggest increase in the figures. Perhaps the most phenomenal success in this class was Mr. John Gunther's *Inside Europe*, which was for some months in greater demand than any novel in the bookshops. Then Mr. T. H. White came along and headed the lists with that delightful work, *England Have My Bones*. Other best-sellers have been *Sagittarius Rising*, by Mr. Cecil Lewis, *The Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton*, and *Low Company*, by Mr. Mark Benney.

Significantly among these widely dissimilar, but at the same time non-fiction books, are the few new reputations which the year has brought forth. Both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Benney have scored successes with their first books, and both have talent which should take them far. Mr. Gunther is a newspaper man and no tyro, since he has written novels, and will no doubt write others.

The only other new star I can discover in the year's meagre constellation is a young poet, Mr. Christopher Hassall, whose *Devil's Dyke*, while not exactly a popular success, has been recognised as a beautiful and important piece of work by discriminating critics. In passing we may note that a mild disturbance was caused by the appearance of *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse* in the compilation of which Mr. W. B. Yeats fluttered the dovecotes with some surprising inclusions and even more surprising omissions.

And before I leave the subject of non-fiction books I find it pleasant to record that my bookseller reported a Christmas "run" on that charming anthology of Mr. Maurice Baring's, *Have You Anything to Declare?*

Easily first among the year's big successes came Mr. J. B. Priestley's *They Walk in the City* the sale of which soared into astronomical figures even before publication. As a novelist Mr. Priestley has a sure hold on the public's affection and I am not alone in hoping that, among his other activities, he will not be tempted to neglect the gift that has won him so much esteem. Incidentally I hear that his next book is going to be something he calls "a chapter of autobiography."

Mr. Aldous Huxley broke new ground, stimulated us, and gave us something to think about in the matter of literary form in *Eyeless in Gaza*. Having tantalised us with a collection of stories in *The Harsh Voice* Miss Rebecca West came across with one of her infrequent full length novels in *The Thinking Reed*. I wish some power could compel Miss West to write more books and fewer letters for publication. Not that I do not enjoy her letters, but her books are such rare and refreshing fruit "in that wilderness of deciduous trash published in the name of fiction."

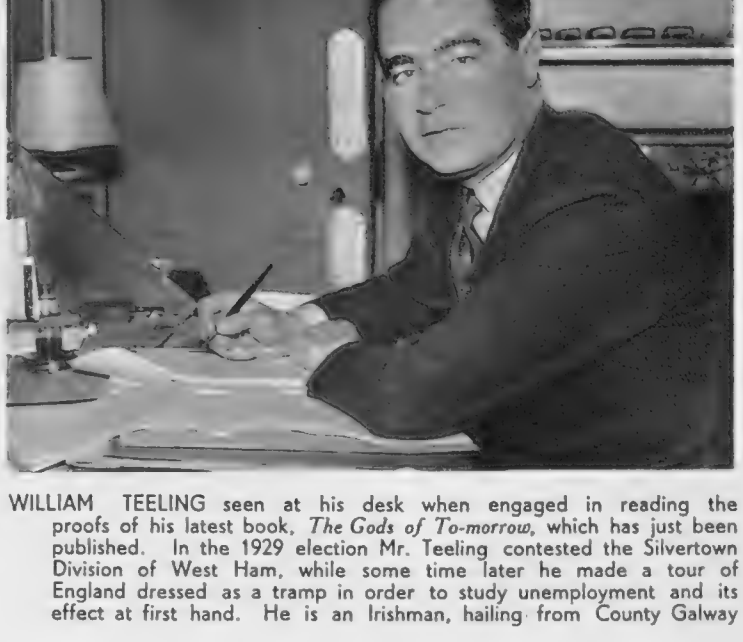
From America came a ready-made best-seller in the shape of *Gone With The Wind*, a first novel by Miss Margaret Mitchell. Over here it became, and rightly, an immediate success. I went away in the summer determined to take a holiday from reading for review, but found myself captivated, held, and enthralled by this immensely long tale.

Mr. H. G. Wells celebrated his seventieth birthday by publishing a long short story called *The Croquet Player*; Mr. Hugh Walpole came back from Hollywood with *A Prayer for My Son*; Mr. Francis Brett Young returned to his beloved Midlands with *Far Forest*, but Mr. Somerset Maugham has published nothing since that collection of short stories which he called *Cosmopolitans*.

What have we to look forward to in this happy new year we have just wished ourselves? Coronation books without a doubt, and galore, though what heartburnings, scrappings, revisions, and what-not have gone on over Edward VIII I shudder to think. The waste-paper baskets must be full of him. May we expect a Coronation Ode from the Poet Laureate?

Early in the year I anticipate a new novel from Mr. Hugh Walpole and one from Mr. Somerset Maugham. I hear that Miss Margaret Irwin has written something we shall be discussing in a few weeks' time. Mr. Noel Coward's long awaited autobiography is now running serially in a newspaper so I suppose we shall see that in book form soon.

My editor's shelves are filling up; the Spring Lists are coming in, soon the flood will be once more upon us. Dare we hope for a vintage year? Well, why not? Anyhow it's exciting work.



WILLIAM TEELING seen at his desk when engaged in reading the proofs of his latest book, *The Gods of To-morrow*, which has just been published. In the 1929 election Mr. Teeling contested the Silvertown Division of West Ham, while some time later he made a tour of England dressed as a tramp in order to study unemployment and its effect at first hand. He is an Irishman, hailing from County Galway

### THE 1936 RECORD

Books published during 1936 numbered 16,572, the highest annual total ever recorded, and an increase of 462 over the previous year. Nearly the whole of last year's increase, states the *Publishers' Circular and the Publisher and Bookseller*, represents "new" books (i.e. books published for the first time). New editions and reprints have remained practically stationary.

| | 1935 | 1936 |
|---|---|---|
| New books | 9,687 | 10,026 |
| Translations | 442 | 381 |
| Pamphlets | 1,110 | 1,279 |
| New editions | 4,871 | 4,886 |
| Total | 16,110 | 16,572 |

"A great change," says the *Publishers' Circular* "has taken place (and is progressing constantly) since the days when it might have been possible for an individual reader to keep in close touch with every book published. That change may be summed up in the word 'variety,' for our books have increased in the range and specialisation of their subject matter to an extent that far surpasses their increase in mere quantity.

"From under 3,000,000 in 1906, the number of home readers (who get books from the municipal libraries) had risen by last year to over 7,000,000; and while it must be remembered that this is only a portion of the total reading public, it is a useful indication of the development of book use. Here again it seems clear that supply is merely following some distance after demand."

### BOOKS RECEIVED

GOLLANCZ.—WALLS HAVE MOUTHS: A Record of Ten Years' Penal Servitude. By Wilfred Macartney. Prologue, Epilogue, and Comments by Compton Mackenzie. 10s. 6d. UNDER MOSCOW SKIES. By Maurice Hindus. 10s. 6d. ELDER DAUGHTER. By Margaret Iles. 7s. 6d. THE MUSICAL BOX. By Clare Leighton. 6s. THE LIFE OF GEORGE MOORE. By Joseph Hone. Illustrated. 15s. HUTCHINSON.—ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, FIRST EARL OF BALFOUR, K.G., O.M., F.R.S. By his niece, Blanche E. C. Dugdale. Illustrated. 18s. UNKNOWN LIBERIA. By Harry J. Greenwall and Roland Wild. Illustrated. 18s. HUTCHINSON'S DOG ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Edited by Walter Hutchinson. Introduction by Sir Frederick Hobday. Foreword by Gilbert Frankau. Vol. 1. 17s. 6d. MY LEGACY CRUISE (The Peak Year of My Life). By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, née Harley. Illustrated. 18s. SIXTY YEARS AGO AND AFTER. By Max Pemberton. Illustrated. 18s. STRANGE PLACE AND STRANGE PEOPLES: Or Life in the Colonial Service. By Sir Reginald St. Johnston. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. SECRETS OF MY MAGIC. By David Devant. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. CITIES OF REFUGE. By Philip Gibbs. 8s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—BUT BEAUTY VANISHES. By Richard Blaker. 7s. 6d. THE STANDARD. By Alexander Lernet-Holenia. 7s. 6d. DEATH IS SO FAIR. By Louis Lynch D'Alton. 7s. 6d. MIDNIGHT. By Julian Green. 7s. 6d. THE STORY OF THE HUNDRED DAYS. By Joseph Roth. 7s. 6d. ARCTIC ADVENTURE: My Life in the Frozen North. By Peter Freuchen. Illustrated. 21s. I TOOK OFF MY TIE. By Hugh Massingham. 7s. 6d. GOD IN PATRISTIC THOUGHT. By G. L. Prestige, D.D. 12s. 6d. RIP TIDE IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By Willard Price. Illustrated. 15s. HARRAP.—DEATH GOES ASHORE. By Alec Granville. 7s. 6d. DESERT ENCOUNTER: An Adventurous Journey through Italian Africa. By Knud Holmboe. Illustrated. 9s. SKY GIPSY: Twenty-five Thousand Miles by Flying Clipper-Ships Over South America. By Claudia Cranston. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—MORE POEMS. By A. E. Housman. 5s. OLD NURSE. By Barbara Barclay Carter. With an introduction by Viola Meynell. 7s. 6d. A DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY: Adventures in Forty-Five Countries. By Victor Heiser. 15s. PICK AND CHOOSE: A Gallimaufry. Composed by Daniel George. 7s. 6d. EAST MONSOON. By G. E. P. Collins. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. A PAGE FROM THE PAST: Memories of the Earl of Desart. By himself and his daughter, Lady Sybil Lubbock. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. SECKER.—TWO EXILES. By Julian Hall. 7s. 6d. MARTIN SECKER & WARBURG.—LEFT TURN! The Autobiography of John Paton. 12s. 6d. SWAMP SHADOW. By Katharine Hamill. 7s. 6d. THE CAT CLIMBS. By C. A. Tarrant. 7s. 6d.

# This England . . .

*Exmoor Landscape*

THE "everlasting hills" of England have not the majesty of some foreign alp, but who has not rested on a hillside to watch the shadows of the clouds slide past—like changing thoughts upon a well-loved face. Part of us they are and in some sort like us—or we like them. Staunch beneath the wildest storms, yet mellowed and made gentle by centuries of them . . . broad in their outlook, generous in their nature . . . giving of themselves in rich, grass-fed beef and bold, great-hearted beer like Worthington.

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'MID MOUNTAIN AND FJORD: A typical Norwegian winter landscape in the heart of the ski-ing fields

# East to the Oberland, the Engadine, and Tyrol

These three famous winter sports centres of Switzerland and Austria are again being very well served by the Eastern Railways of France this season. It is to be noted that the Arlberg-Orient express is running three times weekly (Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays) from Calais, Boulogne, and Paris, and is available for the return journey from Salzburg, Innsbruck, Chur, and Interlaken on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, until March 16. Also, the "Tyrol express," which was instituted for the first time last year and which follows the same route as the "Arlberg-Orient," will be making the outward journey on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, and the return journey on Wednesdays, Fridays, Sundays, and Mondays until March 1.

**Answer to a Correspondent** (Ref. E.B., 170).—After the Coronation festivities and the Paris Exhibition we suggest that you go to Brussels, then on to Cologne, and take the trip along the Rhine, on to Munich, cross over into Austria, see Innsbruck in Tyrol, then go to Vienna via Salzburg, to Budapest, Belgrade, and into Italy via Trieste–Venice–Florence–Rome–Naples. Take the train to Cannes via Genoa and return to London via Paris. The Rhine trip is a delightful and interesting experience, and Munich's museums and historic buildings should not be missed. Innsbruck, the capital of Austrian Tyrol, is situated amidst lovely scenery, and there are several mountain railways running out in all directions. Salzburg provides excellent music if you are interested, and Vienna is full of historic associations. You must not fail to visit Schönbrunn. Budapest is very beautiful, gay, and on Sunday one sees the colourful and attractive peasant costumes. If you have time, go to Mezokovesd on a Sunday to see the peasants arrayed in these costumes. There is not a great deal to be seen in Belgrade, but it is a pleasant city with a charm of its own. Venice, Florence, Rome have so much to offer to visitors and should not be hurried. From Naples visit Pompeii and Herculaneum and the crater of Vesuvius. The journey along the coast via Genoa is perfectly lovely.

# NORWAY for WINTER SPORT

## *Ideal Facilities for the Ski-ing Enthusiast*

ONE sometimes tends to forget that the Norwegians were winter sportsmen long before anyone else was. But whereas we go ski-ing purely for fun, they had to ski whether they liked it or not, simply because throughout the long winter months it was the only practicable way of getting about from one place to another. This means, of course, that Norway is the ideal country for ski-ing, and since it is also a very beautiful country no winter sports enthusiast will make a mistake in going there.

The visitor has a rich choice of attractive places before him, and Oslo itself is quite a good centre, with frequent electric trains to Frognerseteren, only twenty minutes away, a splendid starting point for ski tours in the lovely Nordmarken woods. There are also some fine skating rinks, notably the Bislet, the Frogner Stadion, and the Dœlenengen.

Of the resorts that are best reached by way of Oslo, Lillehammer is a name particularly worth noting. It is a town of only 5,000 inhabitants, but it has several good hotels and is picturesquely situated on the shores of Lake Mjösa. Furthermore, it gets a lot of sunshine. Then, too, in the same locality, you must consider Hösbjör, at a rather higher altitude and surrounded by magnificent ski-ing fields.

There is, alternatively, a good deal to be said for going from Newcastle to Bergen, and choosing one of the resorts on the Bergen–Oslo route: Finse, Ustaoset, or Geilo. The Finse season starts in February and goes on until the middle of May, and from here may be undertaken many lovely long-distance runs over the undulating country of the Hardanger plateau. Geilo and Ustaoset are also deservedly popular places. Nor do these names by any means exhaust the list—but for the rest of them, and for detailed information about travel facilities, fares, etc., reference should be made to the little brochure *Winter in Norway*, published by the Norwegian State Railways, of 21, Cockspur St., S.W.1.

THE START OF A DOWNWARD RUN: Sigmund Rund, the well-known Norwegian exponent of ski-ing, taking part in a contest at a Norwegian winter sports resort

Winter sports in NORWAY

Bright sunshine, blue skies, firm snow, hard smooth ice—the ideal terrain for a glorious holiday.

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## CALENDAR

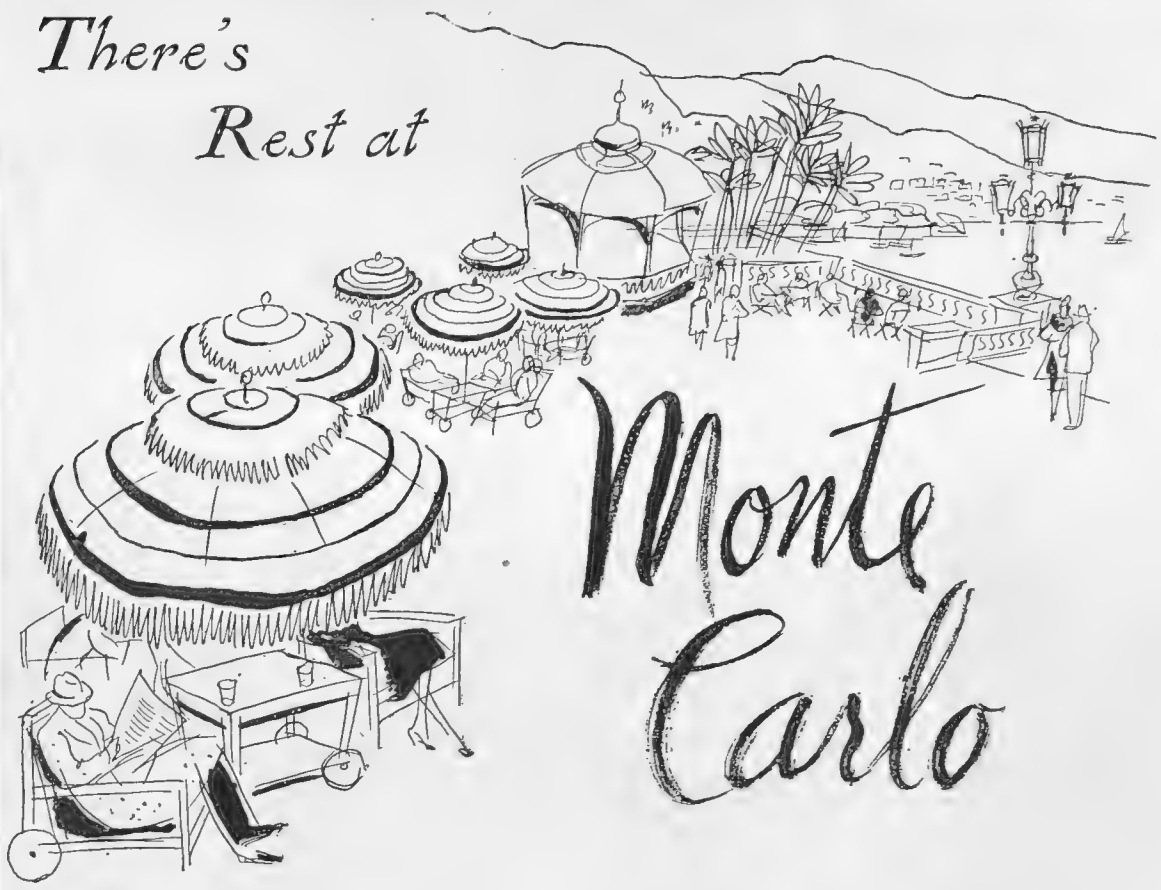
JANUARY — MARCH 1937

SOCIAL EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT, *January 18-26*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*; Battle of Flowers, *March 6*; INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS during *March*; Dog Show, *April 3-4*; Monte Carlo Theatre —Season of Comedies and Operettas has already opened.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis), Club Championships, *January 11 - 17*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22 - 28*; Condamine Tennis Club—Sixth International Tennis Championships of the Principality of Monaco, *January 18-24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30* to *February 3*.

MUSIC: Concerts—Sir Thomas BEECHAM, *January 13*; Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Jacques THIBAUD, *February 17*; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, *February 19*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17* and *19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 24* and *26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*; Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 24*; "Tristan and Isolde," *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, will appear during the course of the season, which lasts till *March 30*.


*There's Rest at*



# Monte Carlo

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YOU will breakfast on your balcony, in the warmth of a sun that can always be relied on. Then out, for a stroll through the flower-gay gardens, your morning paper and a drink on the terrace; or a beneficial hour of the new slimming treatment at the Etablissement Thermal. Lunch (outside or in, as you feel inclined) . . . and you find that care has flown, as the day moves calmly on by the glittering, sun-kissed sea. An evening of musical enchantment, and then, refreshed in body and mind, to a long untroubled sleep.

This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo will be cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

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for down-hill skiers

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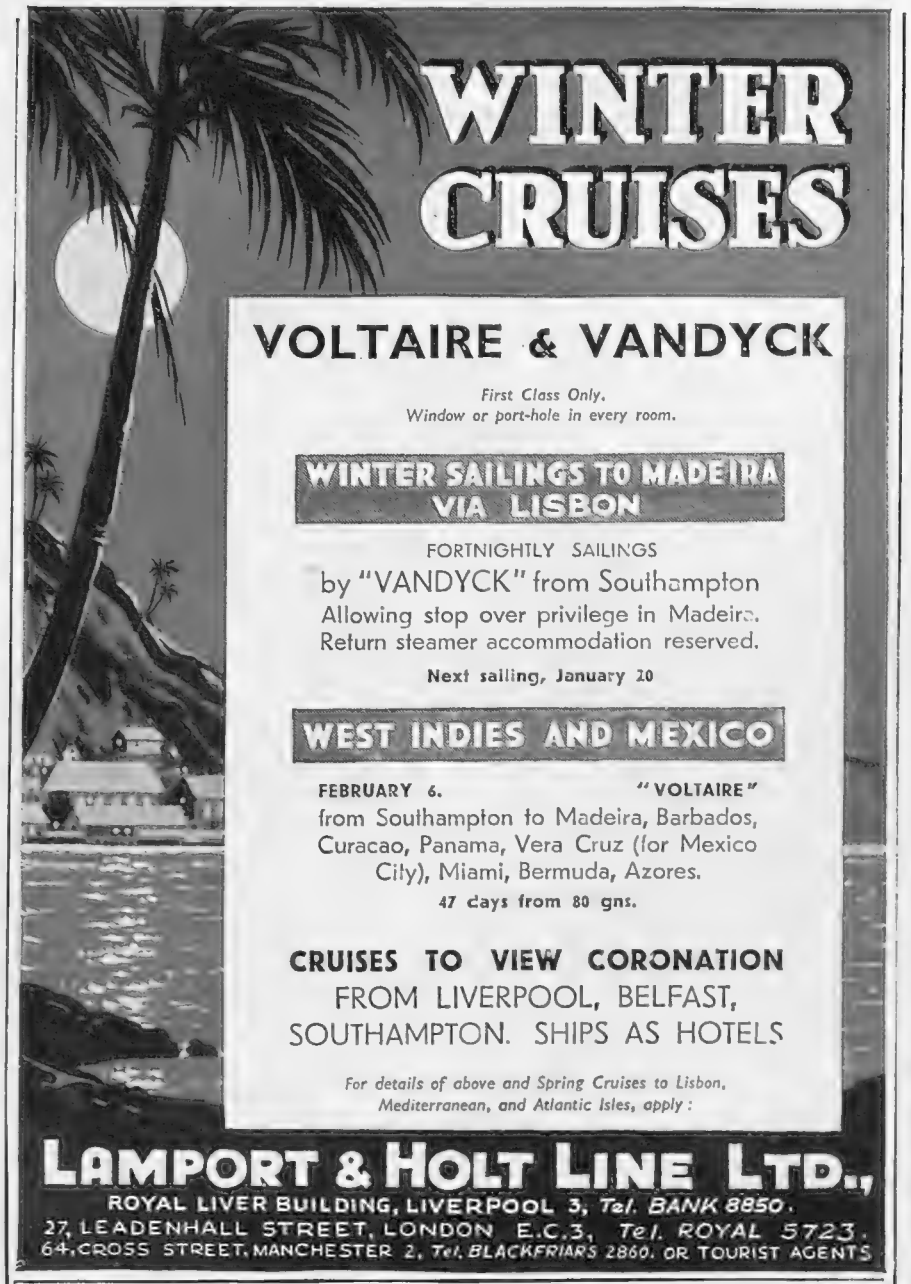
**18 Hrs. from London**

*Further information at all good tourist agencies.*

★

**SESTRIÈRES**





# WINTER CRUISES

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**From December till March**

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S.M. 3a

SAILS IN THE SUNSET: The highly romantic aspect of the Nile near Khartum

# Seeing Primitive Africa from a Deck Chair

## *Following the White Nile on Its Course Through Southern Sudan*

WHEN King George VI, as Duke of York, returned from his African tour in 1925—the beginning of his Imperial career—he said that he had been profoundly impressed by all that he had seen in those vast territories of north-east Africa. Among the lands he visited was the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan— almost as large as British India—and traversed from north to south by a thread-like line of modern transport through what still remains the primitive Africa of Baker, Gordon, Stanley and other famous explorers of last century.

Since their Majesties the King and Queen made this journey many improvements have been carried out, so that it is now possible to travel in complete comfort from north to south of this amazing land. Quite recently I followed this White Nile route through the Southern Sudan, from Khartum, reached by way of Cairo and the Nile Valley or, more conveniently, through the country's own front door at Port Sudan, and saw primitive Africa from a deck chair.

It was in the eighties and nineties of last century that Lord Kitchener waged his "River War" along that highway of countless ages, the Upper Nile; finally conquering the surrounding country of the Sudan after the famous Battle of Omdurman. Under the guidance of some seven or eight Governors-General and a mere handful of British officials and military officers, during the past forty years peace, order, and development have been established.

Those days of great deeds seemed far away as I stepped out of the Grand Hotel, on the Blue Nile shore of Khartum, and was whisked away by motor car to see the last remains of the old palace, on the stairs of which Gordon fell beneath the spears of fanatical tribesmen just before dawn on January 16, 1885.

What strikes one most about modern Khartum—which derives its name from the Arabic word meaning "Elephant's Trunk," so-called on account of the shape of the peninsula between the Blue and White Niles—is the tranquil beauty of the early tropical mornings, the wonderful afterglow of the sunsets behind the tall palms, the cool northerly breeze, for the city is raised over a thousand feet above sea level, and the beautiful gardens over which there broods an atmosphere of peace.

Khartum is, however, a modern city, built on European lines; and soon I crossed the Nile Bridge, about three miles away, and entered Omdurman, the greatest native city in all Africa.

My guide—for nowhere is such a mixed blessing more necessary than in the labyrinth of passages and streets of a purely native metropolis—was an old slave of the Mahdi, who as a boy had been sold in the market of the desert town of Abu Hamid for a sum equivalent to ten English pounds. With the approach of Kitchener's army he had, however, escaped, joined a native regiment and returned as one of the victorious troops to the scene of his slavery.

The river bank at Omdurman slopes gently down from the busy grain market to the water's edge. A curious spectacle is afforded by the contrasting colours of the two rivers, the murky White Nile running side by side with the clear blue of its greatest tributary past the long lines of squat mud buildings fringing the shore.

On entering the town, through a motley throng of sheikhs and others, some in flowing white robes, turbaned, fat, and smiling, others in green, and austere of countenance, among a multitude in drab home-woven cloth, there is a noticeable difference in both types and faces. A score of different races have their own quarters in this great African city.

A few minutes' ride and one is among the curious collection of straw shanties forming the grain and gum market; then, after passing through the south gate the Mosque Square is entered.

The outward aspect of this town, with its miles of square, flat-roofed, mud-walled houses, its jostling crowds, its donkeys, and its lines of laden camels, has changed but little since the Khalifa established it as his capital, and spread terror far and wide over North Africa. In the vast walled square of the Mosque is the Khalifa's palace, built with bricks obtained from Gordon's residence in Khartum. It was outside this low building that the head of General Gordon was displayed in fanatical triumph.

In the courtyard of this palace, to which I was admitted by one of the Khalifa's old retainers still dressed in the motley of the Dervish army, I saw Gordon's coach and also the vehicle subsequently used by the Khalifa, who obtained it through the Emperor of Abyssinia. This latter coach was carried by slaves down from the Abyssinian highlands and across the desert to Omdurman.

By the side of this palace, wherein can be seen the sword of the Dervish king and a collection of arms from the battlefield of Omdurman, is the house occupied by Lord Kitchener after the famous battle which broke the Dervish power.

A broad road, flanked by the seemingly interminable greyish-brown walls, leads to the *sūk*, or market, consisting of mile after mile of streets and shanties in which each trade retains its own locality, and whose merchants are in many cases of the same race. Apart from the curious products of the whole interior of Africa which can be purchased in the bazaars of Omdurman, the most noticeable feature is the entire absence of those indescribable odours which render every minute uncomfortable, and often unhealthy, in the markets of most native cities. There is here, also, an absence of shouting and extravagance of gesture. There are no importunate sellers of wares, and one can watch in peace the ivory carvers, with primitive wooden wheels worked by the feet, fashioning bracelets, necklaces, and other ornaments from the tusks of elephants killed in the great jungles of the south; the silversmiths at work on the curious pieces of filigree; the leather merchants sewing by hand bright red slippers with pointed toes; and the armourers making curious and often elaborate swords, spears, and daggers, for the nomads of the desert are seldom seen without arms.

OMDURMAN'S GREAT GRAIN MARKET: Corn piled high on the ground and round it the traders engaged in haggling about the price. They take the matter intensely seriously and will sometimes bargain for hours in the hot sun over a few pence

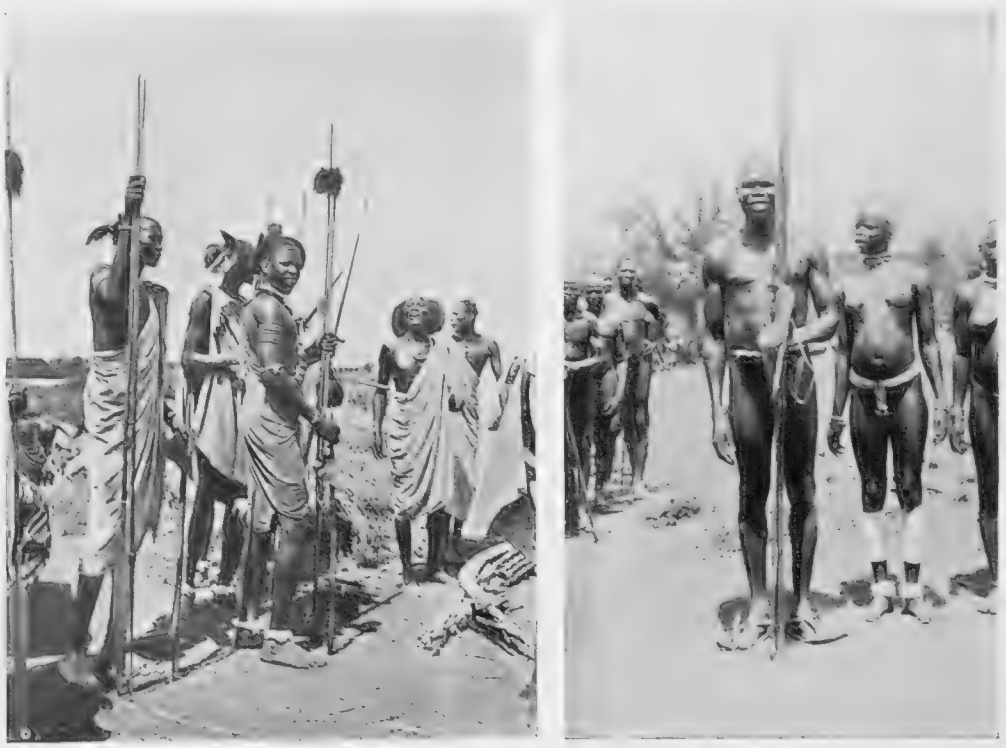
Leaving Khartum by railway for the town of El Obeid, the centre of the gum arabic industry of the Kordofan Province, only a short journey by camel is necessary to reach the Dar Nuba, or country of the mountain-top cave-dwelling Nuba peoples. Amidst these primitive savages, under the careful supervision of British officials, occurred one of the world's most amazing wrestling matches.

The strongest young men in each community are specially trained for the manly sport of wrestling and they frequently develop quite unusual physique. One native village then challenges another, each putting into the ring some ten or fifteen wrestlers. The style is catch-as-catch-can, and the matches take place in the presence of big and enthusiastic crowds of savages from all the villages around.

Perhaps one of the most noteworthy facts about Nuba wrestling is the control which both sides exercise over their more savage instincts. It very seldom occurs that one of the wrestlers is killed, or that trouble is started between two communities, notwithstanding the fact that most of the onlookers are armed with long spears. The wrestlers bind their wrists and often their legs to minimise the risk of their bones cracking under the tremendous strain which these muscular giants are able to put forth and endure.

On the afternoon set for this contest the clearing between the huts was filled with the usual throng in their everyday undress. Only the competitors, huge Nubas with greased bodies, were distinguished by long fur and feather tails and anklets, giving them the appearance of gigantic

*(Continued on page 76)*



SUDANESE TYPES: *Above*—Shilluk warriors of the Upper Nile whose most remarkable feature is the length of their legs, a characteristic the true negro does not share with them. It is said that their very long lower limbs were developed by living for many generations in the marshy region of the great river. *Right*—An upstanding group of Nubas who are all cast in a giant mould and possess astonishing muscular strength. The man and his wife in the foreground are 7 ft. 3 ins. and 6 ft. respectively

# In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

## A Few Suggestions Regarding Where to Winter —The Claims of Sussex

WITH Christmas 1936 behind us and now just a memory, one's thoughts turn towards the early months of 1937 when we must steel ourselves to face the worst that winter can offer us. So this week I feel that the greatest service I can render my regular and occasional readers is to write an omnibus article on places where I know I could winter very comfortably, always provided I was prepared to make my own amusements and not be dependent on an enterprising municipality.

For this reason I am going to dispose of such well-known winter resorts as Folkestone, Eastbourne, Brighton, Bournemouth, Sidmouth, and Torquay in one sentence by saying that if you have an inclination to "winter" at one of these places, you must don your winter spectacles and view them with regard to the hotels which cater for a winter trade rather than just keep open during the winter months in hopes.

One wants to feel that there will be other visitors staying there, and as I wrote to a reader last week regarding a certain hotel in Torquay, "apart from the very excellent way in which the hotel is run, you will always find thirty to forty people staying there." This same need of numbers is unnecessary outside our big winter resorts. There are many who would prefer to "winter" in quieter places where the primary consideration is a warm fire, central heating, a bedroom which you can make to feel your own, good simple food, mine host who becomes a friend, and a pleasant staff who can still smile naturally whatever the weather. Personally, I love the supreme optimism of an hotel porter who greets you with "Good morning, sir, a nasty day, but I expect it will clear about eleven." Unwittingly he refrains from saying whether it is 11 a.m. or p.m. he is referring to, but never mind, he restores confidence!

But I am wandering from my subject, "Hotels I would enjoy wintering in." Here then are one or two thoughts as they occur to me. If I wanted to explore the Oxford neighbourhood, wander around Bucks and Berks, have a choice of any number of decent golf courses within easy range; follow several packs of hounds, on foot or astride, and in the evenings rejoice in the atmosphere of real country house comfort, I would without any hesitation settle down at the Brimpton Grange Hotel, where I should be very well looked after for there is a very capable mine host, Captain Lionel Bruford. I have already written about this hotel in these columns, so I will not go over old ground except to say that here's an hotel you can bear in mind for week-ends or longer, at any time of the year.

But were it decreed that I should winter in Sussex, I should with my intimate knowledge of that county be well satisfied. Frankly, the choice of hotel would prove bewildering for I know so many in which I could winter comfortably. The Crest Hotel, Crowborough, would be one of my first selections, for I love the neighbourhood, I appreciate the convenience of Crowborough's position for reaching the sea coast and London, and whenever I step into the Crest Hotel during the winter months I feel that here is somewhere where one can be almost sure of wintering without qualms, which after all is not very surprising for isn't it inbred in Scottish people to prepare against winter's worst? Certainly Mr. and Mrs. Eglinton Adams, when they gave up their Scottish hotel interest and established this wee bit of Scotland in Sussex, brought Crowborough into greater prominence as a winter resort.

There are other parts of Sussex where I can also suggest the picked hotel and the picked spot. Have you discovered yet the Roundabout Hotel at the back of Storrington? Lodge Hill Hotel at Watersfield near Pulborough, which on its sandy eminence dominates the Arun Valley? Beauport Park Hotel near St. Leonards-on-Sea, Horeham Manor Hotel, near the Heathfield district, the Birch at Haywards Heath? and so on.

I have visited all these hotels during the winter months and in every case I can promise you that if winter did happen to assert itself in such a usually genial climate, it has very strict instructions to remain on the doorstep.

The space at my disposal is already exhausted and yet I have hardly begun. So far I have not got beyond the Oxford district and Sussex. What of the other home counties and the West of England? In the words of the serial writer I can only say, "to be continued in my next."

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

L. R. (London) asks for a quiet hotel on the sunny side of Devon or Cornwall where he could convalesce, so I told him about the Nare Hotel, Veryan, on the Roseland Peninsula near St. Mawes, South Cornwall, and also the Thurlestone Hotel, Thurlestone, South Devon.

E. P. S. (Reading) wants a winter resort where she can be sure of good food, good music, good shops, and no hills to climb. I have advised her strongly to go to the Adelphi Hotel, St. Leonards-on-Sea, where I know she will be very comfortable.

A. E. B. (Newcastle), has written to ask me which is the best hotel in Torquay. This is too general a question for me to answer but I have sent her reprints of the following articles which have appeared in THE SPHERE: Lincombe Hall, May 2, Roslin Hall Hotel, August 29, Hydro Hotel, November 14, and Park Hall Hotel, November 28.

*Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of* THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*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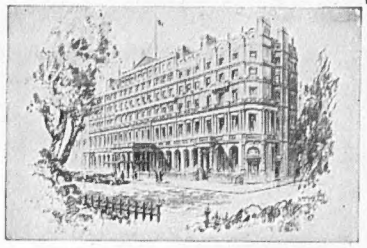

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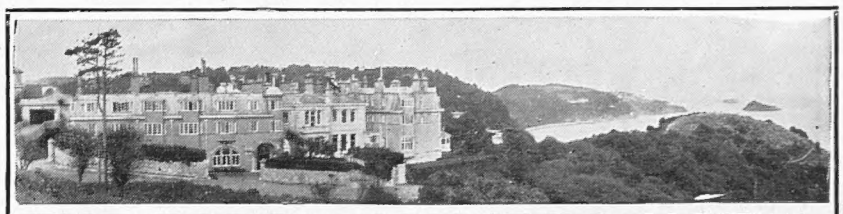

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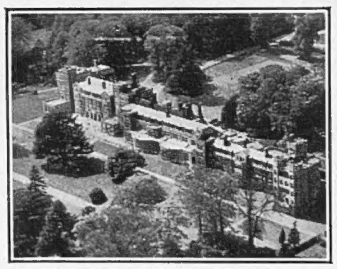

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**Littlehampton.**—Southlands Private Hotel.
**Llandudno.**—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
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**Torquay.**—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373.
**Torquay.**—Palm Court Hotel.
**Tunbridge Wells.**—Spa Hotel.
**West Wickham (Kent).**—Wickham Court Hotel
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Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
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**Guernsey.**—Gardener's Royal Htl. Tel. G'sey 300
**Guernsey.**—Richmond Hotel. Tel. 931.

## THE CRIME OF RAPIDE 759

(*Continued from page 50*)

Veyrac had begun with a lie-by-silence. The first supposition was that the crime was committed between Avignon and Marseilles. When asked where he joined the train on the fatal morning, Veyrac said "Marseilles." Actually, he joins the train at Avignon, where he lives, and travels as a passenger until Marseilles which is his point of duty departure. He said nothing about this regular Avignon-Marseilles journey of his.

More important, when, after Beaulieu, he made as if to try and rouse the sleeper in the presence of the postal sorter Cacavelli, how came it that he did not notice she was heavily gagged? He had leant right over her. Again, if the sliding door of the compartment was locked at Nice, as the witness Paulet claims must have been the case, who else had a master key save the ticket collector? No less damning, several women had written anonymously that in recent months they had been frightened by the behaviour of a man on this very train. In one case, a woman woke up dazed and nauseated. In a second, the anonymous communication showed that Veyrac had collected the tickets on the night of the attack, July 21 last. These women had not reported anything, fearing scandal if not ridicule. Nor will they make themselves known now, not even for crucial identification purposes—as in the case of July 21 who said her maniacal visitor was dressed as a ticket-collector.

Who was this Veyrac? Peasant's son, aged thirty-five, rose by his own efforts far above where he might have been expected to go, married, living happily in an Avignon suburb; recreation, gardening.

Inspector Chevennier went down to Nice and started "kitchening" Veyrac (intensive questioning). The detective ordered the man's pockets turned out. He found a crumpled letter dated five days after the crime, when no one had breathed a word against him, in which Veyrac asked the celebrated Paris lawyer, Maître Torres, to come and defend him should he encounter trouble with the police. The Inspector struck home. "Come! Admit you killed this woman without meaning to!" Perspiration stood out on the man's brow; he grew deadly pale; trembled; sank on to a chair. The moment of confession had arrived!

It had not. At this point the examining magistrate intervened to break off the "kitchening" That was *his* affair! To be resumed on January 11. In the old trudge-trudge way. And with Maître Torres on the warpath for Veyrac who will not come for trial for a year or more, if ever.

For however overwhelming the presumptions against the man may be, there are one or two "holes" in the accusation. His handkerchiefs are marked "P" (Paul, his second name). Witnesses from the train have testified that there *was* a man in a béret, with grey hair.

## CONTINUATIONS

And other witnesses say that Veyrac had no suitcase when he boarded the rapide at Avignon. Not very strong points, the two last, yet it has to be remembered that if arrested people are deemed guilty in France until they prove themselves innocent, the reverse of our own system, Veyrac is none the less more strongly placed to-day, defensively, than if he were in England, the reason being that whereas with us circumstantial evidence will bring a condemnation when sufficiently strong, the same does not run in France where concrete proof borne out by witnesses "à charge" must be forthcoming. So far, Veyrac has no such witnesses against him, unless they be Paulet and Cacavelli.

No doubt "thriller" fans have noted the point that makes this crime stand out. Madame Garola's ticket was placed ready on the top of her suitcase. If Veyrac was the assailant and had he seen that ticket and thought of punching and replacing it, his defence would be impregnable. He had "controlled" his passenger. She was sleeping. He let her sleep. He had done his job. As far as he was concerned, she could have gone on sleeping till Timbuctoo. He wasn't employed to call people. Nor to examine their state of health.

## SEEING PRIMITIVE AFRICA

(*Continued from page 73*)

birds. Except for these curious decorations they were completely naked, with their heads shaven to prevent any hold being secured on the hair.

Several matches take place at once. As each pair leaned forward and manœuvred for position their tails of fur and feathers rose up behind them and, together with their extended claw-like fingers, gave the scene the grotesque appearance of a fight between a number of monstrous prehistoric birds. Then one long muscular arm darted out, and the extended fingers secured a grip on the immense greasy body in front of it. In a moment the two ebony giants were locked in an embrace which would have killed any ordinary white man.

There was all the savagery of primitive man behind the few tribal restrictions. When one huge competitor—and many are over 7 ft. in height—was hurled sideways to the ground by an opponent who appeared to be physically inferior, there was a wild shriek and the waving of spears by the tribesmen around. Apparently these Nubas recognise that once they have been thrown down they are defeated. When the unfortunate competitor, who seemed none the worse for his apparently awful fall, retreated from the field of battle, he was greeted by what I took—quite wrongly—to be derisive jeers.

The champion wrestlers in these contests are, curiously enough, not fêted by the people of the village, because it is considered that they are above praise. On the other hand, it is the custom of these queer natives to applaud the efforts of those who have made the best stand against the established champions of the day. I was informed that the purpose of this custom is to encourage the Nuba youth to compete against the best wrestlers, who usually make themselves the leaders of the young men of their respective villages.

As the ship proceeds southwards, and there is always an interesting group of both men and women on board—big-game hunters, Government officials, officers going to the frontier posts, and travellers enjoying the novelty of floating in luxury through a veritable sea of barbarism—many curious native villages can be explored in safety while the steamer waits.

The most curious experience is, perhaps, to sip one's after dinner coffee on deck while watching a barbaric dance by spearmen on the river banks, to enjoy iced cocktails while herds of wild beasts are stampeding less than half a mile away. Each little vessel is an oasis of civilised life in a sea of barbarism.

Only when Juba has been reached, over 1,000 miles south of Khartum, does the steamer come to a final halt on the borders of Uganda and the Belgian Congo. Further progress can be made by motor car, steamer, and rail, to Kenya Colony, Uganda, and the Cape of Good Hope.

C. W. Domville Fife

## A Coronation Cup

In order to mark the Coronation, the council of the National Rose Society are offering a 700-guinea challenge cup for competition in the nurserymen's classes at the Coronation Rose Show to be held at Chelsea on July 2 and 3. The cup will be known as the Coronation Cup, and will be awarded annually to the exhibitor gaining the highest number of points in the nurserymen's section. The cup, which is silver gilt, is 2 ft. 6 ins. high and weighs 360 ozs., and is a remarkable example of the silversmith's art.

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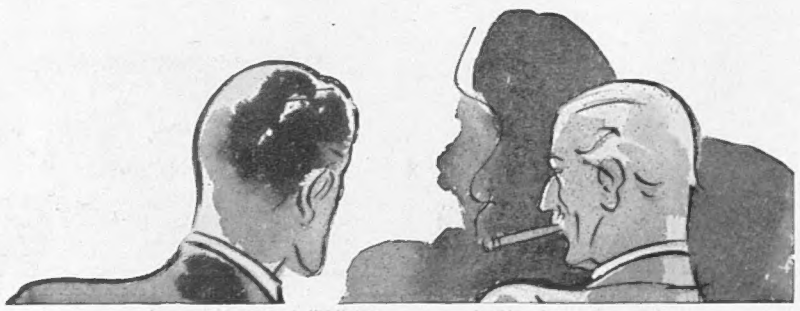

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**GERMANY—*continued.***

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